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A VIEW OF THE PRESENT STATE
OF THE
GOVERNMENTS AND MANNERS
OF THOSE
CANTONS:
WITH COMPARATIVE SKETCHES
OF
THE PRESENT STATE OF PARIS.

By *HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.*

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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BY HENRY MARTIN WILKINS

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PREFACE.

IN presenting to the Public a View of Switzerland, a country of which so much has been already written, it may perhaps become me to clear myself from the charge of presumption. The descriptive parts of this journal were rapidly traced with the ardor of a fond imagination, eager to seize the vivid colouring of the moment ere it fled, and give permanence to the emotions of admiration, while the solemn enthusiasm beat high in my bosom ; but when the sensations excited by those views of majestic grandeur had subsided, I recollected, with regret, that the paths which I had delighted

PREFACE.

to tread had been trodden before ; and that the objects on which I had gazed with astonishment had been already described. It is true, that the sketch I have penciled of that sublime scenery, however rude, will be found to be an original drawing, copied from nature, and not from books ; yet I should scarcely have presumed to obtrude that unfinished outline on the public eye, if the other parts of my journal offered nothing new to its observation. It is the present moral situation of Switzerland that justifies the appearance of these volumes, in which an attempt is made to trace the important effects which the French Revolution has produced in that country, and which are about to unfold a new æra in its history. The governments of Switzerland, placed within reach of the electrical fire of that Revolution, flashing around all their borders, behold the subtle spark, which finds a conductor in the human heart, escaping beyond

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yond its prescribed limits, and feel its strong concussion in every agitated nerve.

I have endeavoured to give an additional interest to my journal, by connecting the view of the manners and customs of the Swiss towns, with a comparative picture of the present state of Paris; and I offer this Work to the Public with far less hope from the experience of its past indulgence, than solicitude to obtain its future favor.

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A THOMAS AINSWORTH AND SONS, CORN
and Glasgow, and in the Strand, London.

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A TOUR

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CHAP. I.

*Introduction.—Motives of my Journey to Switzerland.—
Road from Paris to Basil.—Basil.—Reflections on
Switzerland.—Dispositions and Occupations of the In-
habitants of Basil.—Manners.—Smoking Clubs.—
Female Societies.—Public Amusements.*

DURING the period of that new species
of tyranny which assumed the name of revo-
lutionary government, I was not merely in-
volved in the common danger which threat-
ened every individual in France, but had
claims to particular proscription. It was not
only remembered by many of the satellites of
Robespierre, that I had been the friend of the

Gironde, of Madame Roland, martyred names which it was death to pronounce, but that I had written a work, published in England, in which I had traced, without reserve, the characters of our oppressors; whose ferocious purposes I had often heard developed with the glowing eloquence of Vergniaud, and the indignant energy of La Source. No danger could be more imminent than that of living under the very tyranny which I had the perilous honour of having been one of the first to deprecate and to proclaim.

In this situation an opportunity presented itself of obtaining a passport for Switzerland—A passport!—they who can judge of all the blessedness that word unfolds, are not those who, at a safe distance from the government of Robespierre, have heard of its terrific influence, but those who were placed within its savage grasp. Alas! at the moment

ment of my escape, how many, immured in the dungeons of the tyrant, vainly wished to purchase, at the price of all they possessed, the privilege of forsaking a country, composed only of executioners and of victims!

The road from Paris to Basil leads for the most part along a level country, which displays a picture of fertility, but few scenes of beauty or grandeur, except a branch of the Vosges, which we traversed near Belfort, and whose swelling mountains, presenting faint traces of those we were going to contemplate, we saw bounding our horizon, and stretching along the plains of Alsace.

I found Basil crowded with strangers of all ranks, and all nations, being, at that period when general hostility had barred the passes from one country to another, al-

most the only spot left open for the transactions of commerce, the asylum of the fugitives, and the dawning negotiations of peace.

The first view of Switzerland awakened my enthusiasm most powerfully — “At length,” thought I, “I am going to contemplate that interesting country, of which I have never heard without emotion!—I am going to gaze upon images of nature; images of which the idea has so often swelled my imagination, but which my eyes have never yet beheld.—I am going to repose my wearied spirit on those sublime objects—to sooth my desponding heart with the hope that the moral disorder I have witnessed shall be rectified, while I gaze on nature in all her admirable perfections; and how delightful a transition shall I find in the picture of social happiness which Switzerland presents! I shall no longer see
liberty

liberty profaned and violated;—here she smiles upon the hills, and decorates the vallies, and finds, in the uncorrupted simplicity of this people, a firmer barrier than in the cragginess of their rocks, or the snows of their Glaciers!”

Such were my meditations when I first set my foot on the soil of Switzerland; the scenery of the country more than fulfilled the glowing promise of imagination. With respect to the character and manners of the people, a residence of several weeks at Basil somewhat chilled my enthusiasm: I had frequent opportunities of mixing in their societies, and discerned neither the love of arts, of literature, of liberty, or of any earthly good, but money—I heard of nothing but the comparative value of Louis, and assignats; and if I had not seen the Rhine rolling its turbulent waves majestically by the windows, I might have fancied

cied myself in 'Change-alley, or the Perron of the Palais Royal.

But if I was disappointed, it was perhaps my own fault, or rather the fault of former travellers. Warmed with enthusiasm for the natural beauties of the country, fancy, which loves the dreams of happiness and perfection, has delighted to associate with those enchanting scenes, the charm of congenial society; and to connect with the sublime landscape the higher quality of mind. Imagination places stock-jobbers and usurers with as much reluctance amidst the grandeur of Swiss scenery, as it would fill with a misshapen Gothic image the niche of a Grecian temple. It must be indeed admitted, that the love of gold is a taste pretty generally diffused throughout Europe; that neither the inhabitants of Paris nor of London can be taxed with any remarkable indifference for riches; nor have wealthy persons
in

in either of those capitals any reason to complain of the neglect of their fellow citizens. But although the people of most countries are, with respect to the researches of gain, burghers of Basil, during the hours of the morning, the evening at least is devoted to amusement, to social pleasure, to friendship, to some object that cheers, or soothes the heart, and the projects of interest are laid aside till the morrow. At Basil alone, the toils of trade find no relaxation; they begin with the day, but do not finish at its close; since even the hours of recreation are made subservient to the views of interest; and the only species of amusement in which the burghers of that city indulge themselves, is one at which they can arrange their commercial dealings, strike bargains, and vigorously pursue that main chance which appears to be, their “being’s end, and aim.”

With those views, the men have formed themselves into different societies, called *tabagies*, or smoking-clubs, because all the members smoke most furiously. Each club is composed of nearly the same age, a custom to which the love of equality perhaps gave rise, but which is observed to be extremely prejudicial to the manners of the young men of Basil, by excluding all forms of deference and politeness, as well as all means of improvement. With respect to these things, there is indeed nothing peculiar to the clubs of Basil; since from Brookes's, composed of the honourable members of the British parliament, to these tabagies, filled with the senators of the laudable Helvetic Body, a man who has long frequented such meetings becomes entirely unfit for all other society; he soon thinks it an hardship to pass an evening elsewhere, and terms all other company constraint, because it wants the ease of a tavern, where tumult is mistaken for

for gaiety, and familiarity for friendship. But while in other places the taste for clubs is confined to a few persons, Basil is a town of clubbists, containing no less than twelve smoking societies, each composed of about sixty members, who meet every afternoon at an early hour, drink tea amidst the exhilarating fumes of tobacco, discuss the political situation, but far more indefatigably the commercial affairs of the town, calculate the gains and losses of the day, form new schemes of acquiring wealth, and separate at the hour of supper, before they have said one word on any subject of taste, or literature.

The ladies of Basil, abandoned by the men, have recourse to clubs also, and sometimes twenty ladies assemble together without one man being of the party, although to such as present themselves, admittance, far from being refused, is even gratefully accorded;

corded; and sometimes a stranger, taking advantage of the posture of affairs at Basil, which leads a coterie of young handsome women to consider his company as a favour, pays his homage to the ladies, while clouds of other incense are rising in every quarter of the town from the tabagies where their absent husbands are convened.

The female societies of Basil are formed from infancy of children of the same age, and of the same class; and during their childhood, the equality of years is so strictly observed in these societies, that sisters, whose ages differ three or four years, have their separate coteries in the same house. There is something soothing in the idea of these infant associations; it seems forming another barrier for our helpless sex, against the future tempests of the world; and no doubt many a fair member of these young societies, when assailed by those storms of misfortune,

fortune, which often beat with the most pitiless fury against hearts that can least resist their violence, recalls with tender regret the social circle of her childhood; and perhaps finds in the sympathy of some female companion, to whom she is endeared by the charm of those early recollections, a source of consolation and relief. The young unmarried women, and the dowagers, have all their distinct circles, sometimes increased by the admission of sisters-in-law, who become part of the family, and sometimes by the introduction of accidental acquaintances.

They assemble by invitation successively at each other's houses, usually at three in the afternoon; an hour which, though morning with respect to dinner, and all the busy occupations of life at London and Paris, finds the day far advanced at Basil; where dinner is served, when it is noon by the clocks of that city, which, for several centuries

turies past, have kept the van-guard of time, and for some reason, forgotten in the lapse of ages, probably because not worth being remembered, strike twelve, in defiance of common sense and convenience, when the solar shadow points eleven.

The ladies present themselves at their coteries with their work-bags upon their arms, and work and conversation begin together; the latter turns, as in other uninstructed minds, upon the every-day gossip of ordinary life. When the domestic detail of household anecdote, and the tattle of town scandal fail, they hasten to cards—what other resource is left? Time cannot be filled up, as it often is in mixed societies, by the flutter of coquetry, and the arts of affectation on one side, and by the offices of gallantry, or the stare of libertinism on the other.

“Where none admire, ’tis useless to excel:

“Where none are Beaux, ’tis vain to be a Belle.”

At

At these assemblies the place of honour is at the window, to which, in every house at Basil, convex mirrors are fixed, and give a view of all that is passing in the streets to a considerable distance. These mirrors, consulted every moment by the ladies of Basil, not to view themselves, but their neighbours, would have furnished Thomson, had he lived in that city, with another image in his castle of indolence, of the means of murdering time.

Tea is brought at four in the afternoon, accompanied by a handsome collation, consisting of pastry, fruits, creams, and sweetmeats, and often of ham, and other cold meats. This substantial kind of refreshment is not found unacceptable after a very copious dinner, and with the perspective of a solid supper; the Swiss in general being possessed of a most powerful appetite, perhaps arising from the keenness of their
 mountain

mountain air. A dull game of commerce drags on the lingering hours till eight in the evening, when the ladies separate, after a profusion of compliments, which they have not yet relinquished for the French mode of gliding out of the room.

Sometimes their liege lords, the clubbists, make a sacrifice of one dear evening of smoke and stock-jobbing, to the women; on these gala occasions, the card-party concludes with a supper, sufficiently luxurious, but which might be more amusing; and as the law forbids any carriages to roll through the streets after eleven, the company usually separate at that hour.

Fathers and mothers of families, who have children married, fix one day of the week, which they call *leur jour de famille*, when all their offspring assemble at their house at dinner, sometimes to the fourth, fifth,

fifth, and even sixth generation; for the women marry very young, and not long since there were not less than six ladies in Basil, whose grand-children were grand-mothers. There is something respectable, and even affecting, in these patriarchal meetings; they seem a means of drawing closer those ties of consanguinity which are the best refuge against human ills; in which the purest affections of the heart mingle themselves with the wants and weakness of our nature; guiding with watchful tenderness the wanderings of youth, and supporting with unwearied care the feebleness of age.

The public amusements of Basil were suspended by the magistrates, we were told, on account of the public calamities: the chief of which was the dearth of provisions; an evil the more easily to be borne, as the town was then reaping an abundant harvest

harvest of gold from the calamities of other countries. Once a week, indeed, the dullness of a card assembly was permitted to replace that of the coteries; and an occasional concert harmonized the soul; but dancing was a diversion too light for the times, and even a set of dancing-dogs, offending against the statute, were formally expelled by the *Chasse-Coquin*, probably in consequence of the general order of the Commission of Six, instituted at that period for clearing the town of unprofitable strangers.

CHAP. II.

Comparative View of the Spirit of Commerce in France, before, and since the Revolution.—Paper System.—Female Traders and Contractors.

IN France, a country so near Switzerland in its geographical situation, but so distant in the character and disposition of the people, things in this respect are managed better; and although the French are lately become, in some sort also, a nation of usurers and stock-jobbers, their mode of toiling for wealth, and their mode of spending it, are altogether different from the plodding usages of their neighbours.

The revolution, which destroyed monarchy in France, overthrew at the same time the empire of ancient prejudices and habits. Before that event, vanity was the governing spring of French action, and the principal aim, and aliment of that vanity, was
rank

rank and titles. A trader only laboured to procure just money enough to purchase a charge of treasurer of France, or *secrétaire du roi*, and when thus honourably ennobled, considered it as beneath his dignity to continue any longer that commerce which had served as the step-ladder to his elevation.

But the scene is now reversed. Nobility exists no longer, and opinions have undergone as great a revolution as titles and fortunes. The poor are enriched; the rich are impoverished; labour is become necessary; industry flourishes on the ruins of vanity; and, as the impetuous French are ever in extremes, their ancient disdain of mercantile occupations is succeeded by a sort of rage for commerce. To this new fury they are animated, not only by the call of necessity, but by the desire of enjoyment. This people, the ever ardent lovers of pleasure, pant to repair those mo-

ments of terror and desolation which were lost to their accustomed, their beloved gaieties. They seek amusement with new eagerness, and the dangers which they find attendant on a revolution, only serve to attach them more to the present moment, on the Epicurean principle of uncertainty respecting the future.

Immense commercial resources are found in the fertility, the extent, the situation, and the wants of the French Republic; but nothing can be more amusing than the various whimsical directions into which the active, restless genius of the people, have turned their present rage for traffic. All grasp at something strange, and something great; a new world seems opening to their view, and which all model after their own fashion. Every man has seized upon some profound discovery, some happy speculation, which will infallibly pour forth an

ever-flowing stream of inexhaustible wealth. When one chimera fails, another swiftly springs up; all is “bubble, bubble, toil and trouble;” spurred by hope, or goaded by want, every man mounts the hobby-horse of his imagination, and whips it up to some marvellous atchievement.

One citizen frames stoves of paper, more durable than brass or steel; another erects mills that scorn the aid of fire, wind, or water; another extracts new chemical substances, which, when applied to commerce, are to produce riches beyond the visions of the alchemists. All announce that they have set their inventive talents upon the anvil, merely for the good of their country; and as the ideas which the revolution has awakened, have given every individual in France some floating notions of his own importance, every man, however ignorant or mistaken, boldly brings forward his infallible

fallible plan, insists upon his right of being heard by his fellow-citizens, and calls upon every capitalist to hasten to him with his funds, and calculate, if he can, the enormous mass of interest with which the wings of every moment will be loaded.

Those who decline setting up as inventors, and enlightening the world by discoveries, although they refuse to travel through unknown tracts of commercial enterprize, at least engage in more beaten paths of gain. Throughout the wide extent of the Republic, Gothic abbies are transformed into manufactories, cloisters become work-shops, chapels are converted into warehouses, the recesses of solitary superstition are invaded, and the hollow echoes of the long-resounding aisles, which were once only responsive to the solemn, slow-breathed chant, now repeat the rude

dissonance of the workman's tools. A strange confusion of images is excited in the mind by the present contemplation of these antique edifices, which imagination has been accustomed to appropriate to congenial inhabitants, pacing silently along their vaulted passages in floating garments, instead of which you now meet the bare-armed, brawny artificer, and all ideas of solemn stillness vanish amidst the rude gabble of his noisy brood. No doubt an artisan is far more useful than a monk, but he looks much less picturesque when placed beneath a ruined arch, and gazed at in perspective.

While speculators in the country are converting abbies into manufactories, speculators in Paris are perhaps, on a surer principle of calculation, transforming palaces into resorts of public amusement, so new, so various, and so Grecian in all their plans and

and designations, that to trace a flight sketch of them will require one of our whole following chapters.

The system of paper-money contributed to cherish the new spirit of speculation in France, by suffering the imagination to rove amidst ideal regions of visionary wealth. The most trifling purchase or transaction, at that period, had something in it of founding greatness; a pair of shoes cost a thousand livres, an ell of ribband five hundred; and as the women in France have even more active spirits than the men, every lady who had fifty, or a hundred thousand livres in her pocket-book, considered herself as a sort of capitalist; and hearing incessantly, from all parts, and in all directions, that commerce was the infallible road to wealth, immediately set up, with those solid funds, some species of trade. One lady provided
C 3 herself

herself with a cargo of pocket handkerchiefs, another with an assortment of shoes; some fold tallow-candles, some wax, some dealt in powder, and others in snuff; but all had their little traffic, all were animated by the same restless spirit of gain. This species of commerce, however, was of fleeting duration. Sterne has observed, that Frenchmen conceive, better than they combine; still more justly may this observation be applied to French women; who, when they became adventurers in the new world of traffic, exulted in the rapid augmentation of their wealth; and were astonished to find that the merchandize, which was to replace the stock, could no longer be purchased with the same capital; till at length they discovered, that their magnificent commercial profits were a sort of fairy-gold, which, when touched, turned to sand; and that it was not
the

the merchandize which had increased in price, but the assignats that had diminished in value.

A few of the most beautiful, and the most intriguing of the fair Parisians, became the agents and emissaries of their friends, lovers, or husbands, in the public offices; and the marine, the war, and the home-departments, were filled with female contractors and negociators, who, for the most part, found that republican committees made no better defence than polished courts, against the formidable artillery of bright eyes, gay smiles, lively sallies, and animated graces; artillery which French women know better how to wield, than the women of any other country. Ministers and commissaries felt the energy of arguments uttered by ruby lips, and the claims of a petition offered by a soft hand, of which the naked well-shaped arm was

gracefully stretched out; and, upon the whole, the women of France, to whom, by the Constitutional Act, all rights have been denied, find that they still hold a tolerably despotic empire over their lords and masters, the sovereign people.

Of a different class from these female negociators and merchants, were those women who, once possessed of all that rank and fortune could bestow, were now reduced to supply the pressing wants of the moment, by a melancholy species of traffic; by selling various pieces of ornamental needle-work, which they had once been taught to execute as an amusement, or by making a profession of those arts which they had once acquired as the accomplishments of an elegant education. Above all, drawing has proved an useful resource in these circumstances. Many a lady has found in her pencil, a means of subsistence for herself and family; many

many a finished landscape, destined to grace a crystal *boudoir*, or decorate a gilded pavilion, has served to furnish the fair artist with the crust of bread which, in some lonely garret, she moistens with her tears. What a long and mournful page of transitions the domestic annals of a revolution contain!

CHAP. III.

Amusements of Paris.—Balls.—Festivals.—Supper given by a Contractor.—Dress.—Parallel between a Contractor and a Stockholder.—New Aristocracy.—Modern Royalists.—Odeon.—Bals à la Victime.—Tivoli.—Elysium.—Bagatelle and other Public Gardens.—Glaciers of Paris.

IF the morning at Paris is devoted to business, the evening at least belongs to pleasure; over those hours she holds an undivided empire, is worshipped at innumerable altars, and hailed by ever-varying rituals.

During the last winter the amusements of twenty-four theatres, which were opened every night, were every night succeeded by public and private balls, in such numbers, that there were no less than two thousand ball-rooms inscribed on the registers of the police, which keeps its wakeful vigils over every sort of amusement, in all their gradations, from the bright blaze of waxen tapers, which displays the charms of nymphs dressed

dressed *à la Sauvage*, or *à la Grec*, who
 grace the splendid ball *de Richlieu*; to the
 oily lamp which lights up the seventh story,
 or the vaulted cellar, where the blind fidler's
 animating scrape calls the sovereign people
 to the cotillion of wooden shoes,

These two thousand ball-rooms of the
 capital afford ample proof that no revolu-
 tion has taken place in the manners of the
 French, and that they are still a dancing
 nation. They have indeed of late fully de-
 monstrated to the world that they are capa-
 ble of greater things; and that, when the
 energies of their souls are called forth, they
 can follow Buonaparte across the bridge of
 Lodi; but when their minds return to their
 natural position, every barrack has a room
 appropriated for dancing, and the heroes of
 Arcole, as well as the *muscadins* of Paris,

“ All knit hands, and beat the ground

“ In a light fantastic round.”

The

The fêtes of the court, it is asserted by the few persons remaining in France, by whom they were frequented, were but tawdry splendour, compared with the classical elegance which prevails at the fêtes of our republican contractors. As a specimen of these private balls, I shall trace a short sketch of a dance lately given by one of the furnishers of stores for fleets and armies, in his spacious hotel, where all the furniture, in compliance with the present fashion at Paris, is antique; where all that is not Greek is Roman; where stately filken beds, massy sophas, worked tapestry, and gilt ornaments, are thrown aside as rude Gothic magnificence, and every couch resembles that of Pericles, every chair those of Cicero; where every wall is finished in Arabesque, like the baths of Titus, and every table, upheld by Castors and Polluxes, is covered with Athenian busts and Etruscan vases; where that modern piece of furniture, a clock, is
concealed

concealed beneath the classic bar of Phœbus, and the dancing hours; and every chimney-iron is supported by a Sphinx, or a Griffin. The dress of his female visitors was in perfect harmony with the furniture of his hotel; for, although the Parisian ladies are not suspected of any obstinate attachment to Grecian modes of government, they are most rigid partizans of Grecian modes of dress, adorned like the contemporaries of Aspasia—the loose light drapery, the naked arm, the bare bosom, the sandalled feet, the circling zone, the golden chains, the twisting tresses, all display the most inflexible conformity to the laws of republican costume. The most fashionable hair-dresser of Paris, in order to accommodate himself to the classical taste of his fair customers, is provided with a variety of antique busts as models; and when he waits on a lady, enquires if she chuses to be dressed that day, *à la Cleopatre, la Dianne, or la*

Psyche? Sometimes the changeful nymph is a *Vestal*, sometimes a *Venus*; but the last rage has been the *Niobé*, of late, fat and lean, gay and grave, old and young, have been all *à la Niobé*; and the many-curled perriwig, thrown aside by the fashionable class, now decorates the heads of petty shop-keepers,

The fair Grecians being determined not to injure the contour of fine forms by superfluous incumbrances, no fashionable lady at Paris wears any pockets, and the inconvenience of being without is obviated by sticking her fan in her belt, sliding in a flat purse of Morocco leather, only large enough to contain a few louis, at the side of her neck, and giving her snuff-box and her pocket-handkerchief to the care of the gentleman who attends her, and to whom she applies for them whenever she has occasion.

For

For a short time during the winter, in defiance of frost and snow, the costume of a few reigning belles was not *à la Grec*, but *à la Sauvage*. To be dressed *à la Sauvage*, was to have all that part of the frame which was not left uncovered, clad in a light drapery of flesh colour. The boddice, under which no linen was worn (shifts being an article of dress long since rejected at Paris, both by the Greeks and the Savages) the boddice was made of knitted silk, clinging exactly to the shape, which it perfectly displayed; the petticoat was on one side twisted up by a light festoon; and the feet, which were either bare, or covered with a silk stocking of flesh colour, so woven as to draw upon the toes like a glove upon the fingers, were decorated with diamonds. These gentle Savages, however, found themselves so rudely treated whenever they appeared, by the sovereign multitude, that at length the fashions of Otaheite were thrown
aside,

aside, and Greece remains the standing order of the day.

But to return to the contractor, and his ball—after several hours had passed in dancing cotillions, which the young women of Paris perform with a degree of perfection—a light nymphish race unseen elsewhere—and after the walse, which is now never forgotten at a Paris ball, had proved that the steady heads of *Niobés* were not to be made giddy, the company were led to a supper, furnished with Eastern magnificence, and decorated with attic taste. After supper the folding doors of the saloon were thrown open to a garden of considerable extent, beautifully illuminated with coloured lamps, and its trees bending with lavish clusters of fruits of every season, and every climate, formed of ice, while fountains poured forth streams of orgeat, lemonade, and liqueurs.

But

But while these imitators of Greece and Rome are revelling in Asiatic Luxury, you hear them lamenting most pathetically the subversion of the ancient regime; that regime, which would at least have had thus much of justice, that it would have retained these personages in the anti-chambers of the saloons they now occupy; to which anti-chambers they would, with a counter-revolution, most probably return. One is obliged to offer up an invocation to patience, when condemned to listen to their declamations against that new order of things to which solely they owe their elevation.

There is indeed one class of persons, before whose complaints of the revolution, however bitter, the mind humbles itself in sympathetic sorrow. The poor *rentier*, while he sips his Spartan black-broth, which he is forced to procure by parting, in sad gradation, with all the relicks of his

former splendor, with watches, rings, furniture, and clothes: he indeed, if he complains, is to be pitied, and if he forbears complaint, is to be revered! But alas, there is so much of tragical detail in the pages of the *great book*; a thing which has long since been called a great evil, that we must give it at least a whole chapter to itself.

At present I shall only observe, that the reign of terror has acted upon this country like some mighty pestilence, which not only sweeps away devoted millions in its fury, but leaves an obnoxious taint upon every object where it has passed. The reign of terror has given a fatal wound to the energies of public spirit; ordinary minds have mistaken the execrable abuses of liberty for an effect of the generous principle itself: the victims of revolutionary government have lifted up their complaining voice; all the emotions of sympathy, and all the feel-
ings

ings of indignation have been called forth ; and the partizans of the ancient regime have left no art unpractised, no seduction untried, to take advantage of these dispositions in favour of their own system.

Those who have been too rapidly enriched by the revolution have endeavoured to hide the obscurity of their origin, by mimicking the tones of those who have titles and honors to regret, till aristocracy has descended so low, that it will soon perhaps be exploded, like any other fashion, when taken up by the vulgar. Many of the fair wives of titled emigrants, or blooming widows of murdered nobles, have made such second marriages, that we well might apostrophise them in the language of Hamlet:

- “ Such an act
- “ That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
- “ Calls virtue hypocrite,
- “ Makes marriage vows
- “ As false as Dicer's oaths.”

These very ladies, who have taught their new-made liege-lords to ape their counter-revolutionary follies, will at length be ashamed of their aristocracy, when they find how successfully they are rivalled in those sentiments by their milliners and mantua-makers. A writer of a late political pamphlet has given an admirable reason why our Parisian belles will soon lay aside the tone of eternal lamentations for the overthrow of despotism. "Seven years," says he, "have already elapsed since the epocha of the revolution: seven years is a period of some length in the history of a youthful beauty, and a lady will soon not be able to regret the monarchy, under the penalty of passing for old." I believe every person who has studied the female heart, will agree with this writer, that the republic has a tolerable chance, upon this principle, of obtaining ere long many fair profelytes.

The

The fans, sparkling with spangled *fleur-de-lys*, will then be broken; the rings, bearing the insignia of royalty, will be melted down; and the *porte-feuilles*, and *bon-bonnières*, with their sliding-lids, displaying the forbidden images of regal greatness, will no longer be borne about in a sort of triumphal manner, not from a sentiment of sorrow by those who, attendant on their persons, and basking in their smiles, are privileged to display more than that general regret for their unhappy destiny which humanity feels; but from a sensation of vanity by those, who perhaps never breathed the same atmosphere; never, even at awful distance, gazed upon the originals of those pictures which they now affect to cherish as the tender memorials of peculiar favour. These relicks, we may venture to predict, will be offered up in one mighty sacrifice at the shrine of the republic, the moment

it is well understood that to be a republican, is to be young.

Public balls, as well as concerts, were held last winter at the *Theatre François*, which, after having been long shut up, was repaired, embellished, and baptized by the Greek name of the *Odeon*; and that no jealousy might exist between the balls and concerts, on account of this classical nomenclature, the balls immediately received the appellation of *Thiasés*.

But the most singular species of amusement which the last winter produced, were subscription-balls, entitled *des Balls à la Victime*. Such, and so powerful was the rage for pleasure, that a certain number of its votaries, who, during the tyranny of Robespierre, had lost their nearest relations on the scaffold, instituted, not days of such solemn

solemn, sad commemoration, as is dear to the superstition of tendernefs, when, in malancholy proceffion, clad in fable, and wreathed with cyprefs, they might have knelt, a mourning multitude, around the fpot where the mutilated bodies of their murdered parents had been thrown by the executioner, and bathed the fod with thofe bitter tears which filial affection or agonized love, fhed over the broken ties of nature, or of affion—no!—the commemorative rites which thefe mourners offered to the manes of their maffacred relations were feftive balls! To thefe ftrange, unhallowed orgies, no one could be admitted who had not loft a father, a mother, a husband, a wife, a brother, or a fifter, on the guillotine; but any perfon, with a certificate of their execution in his pocket-book, not only obtained admiffion, but might dance as long, and as merrily as heart could wifh. Had Holbein been prefent at fuch a fpectacle, no doubt he would have

have enriched his death-dance with new images, and led forward each gay nymph by an attendant headless spectre. The indignant cry of public opinion, however, was at length heard above the music of the walse and the cotillion; and the *Bal à la Victime* exists no longer to bear its powerful testimony to a depravation, not merely of manners, but of the heart.

If in the winter, conformably to our Grecian ideas at Paris, concert-rooms became *Odeons*, and the *Niobés* and the *Titus's* danced in a *thiasé*, summer can boast of more than equal honours; since then we never tread but on attic ground, and never suffer ourselves to be pleased but when pleasure presents herself with a classical appellation. Witness ye gardens of Tivoli, ye bowers of Idalia, ye winding walks of Elysium, ye grottos of Venus, ye vales of Tempe, ye groves of Theffaly! witness

with what fond alacrity the lovers of antiquity fly in multitudes to your enchanting recesses, where the arching trees are hung with innumerable lamps of varying colours, where the ear is exhilarated with the sounds of music, and the eye is cheered with the movements of the dance; and where every evening the hour of ten serves as a general signal, at which the whole city of Paris seems one vast theatre for the display of fireworks. A stranger, who should enter this city at night by the bridge of Neuilly, might suppose that he had reached this scene of great events at some important epocha, which had occasioned a general rejoicing. On his right he would discern the lights of *Bagatelle*, beaming through the *Bois de Boulogne*, and would pass close to the brilliant entrance of Idalia; on his left he would be dazzled by the illuminations of the Elysium; while, as he advanced, he would discern, above every quarter

quarter of the town, the tall sky-rockets darting their vivid flash, and would hear in all directions the light explosions of enchanted palaces, with bright arcades and fairy columns;

“ The crackling flames appear on high,

“ And driving sparkles dance along the sky.”

Bagatelle alone, the once gay retreat of the Comte d'Artois, is suffered, by our Grecian amateurs, to retain its old appellation in favour of the regal images which it brings to memory. What food for the ramblings of the mind along the paths of history, when it contrasts the light French modern graces of *Bagatelle*, with the massy, Gothic gloom of Holyrood-House! It may be observed, that the persons who are for ever lamenting the subversion of the ancient regime, are not prevented by their regrets from giving all the encouragement in their power to those who con-

convert one palace after another into scenes of public amusement ; and that they eagerly purchase, for half a crown, the privilege of treading gaily every evening, with the plebeian multitude, those magnificent gardens and sumptuous hotels, of which the possessors have, for the most part, as in former proscriptions, paid for their beautiful retreats at Alba, with their lives. But while these lovers of despotism forget their regrets in their pleasures, the philosophic mind wanders often in musing mood along these festive haunts, where the most singular combinations croud upon reflection ; and, amidst the glowing enthusiasm of liberty, mourns those partial evils that have clouded its brightness, and abhors those cruel abuses that have sullied its cause !

When the multiplied engagements of the evening do not offer leisure for an excursion to Tivoli, or a trip to Idalia, the gay world
at

at least find sufficient time in the interval between the play and the *petit souper*, to lounge for half an hour at one of the fashionable *glaciers*. A glacier is a sort of coffee-house, established in the fine hotels of emigrants, splendidly illuminated, open to persons of both sexes, and where you pay for your admission by eating ices, for which there is now so extraordinary a demand in Paris, that if the following winter should prove mild, the ice-purveyors will perhaps be forced to send to the department of Mont Blanc, in order to furnish themselves with means of supplying the enormous wants of their customers.

But let me recall the images most dear to my imagination, by leaving for a while the glaciers of Paris, and the smoking-clubs of Basil, and wander amidst the sublime landscapes of Switzerland. How delightful to bid adieu to every-day occurrences,
occupa-

occupations, cares, and pleasures, for the contemplation of those scenes of solemn grandeur, which form such a contrast to the littleness of ordinary life! Let me turn my steps towards the first august object which struck my eye in Switzerland, the cataract of the Rhine, at Schaffhausen, to which place I was obliged to travel by a long circuitous route to Zurich, since with French passports the Austrian territory was forbidden ground. A Balois told me before my departure, that the cataract of the Rhine was scarcely worth so much trouble; since, "after all," said he, "it is but a fall of water!"

CHAP. IV.

Road from Basil into the Canton of Soleure.—Swiss Taste in Gardening.—Visit to a Farm-house.—Rural Ceremonies.—Traditionary Story of the Destruction of a Tyrant.—Baden.—Zurich.—Reflections on the View over the Lake to the Alps.—Fall of the Rhine at Laufen.—Bridge at Schaffhausen.

THROUGH what a delicious country we passed in travelling along the Canton of Basil to that of Soleure! What beautiful, what various combinations of rock, pine-clad hills thrown together in noble masses, and richly covered with their dark-tinted verdure; above which a bare peak sometimes lifts its sharp spiral head, as if to give effect to the landscape.

What grateful sounds to my ear were the murmurs of those soothing cascades, and clear rills which had more of beauty than
 sublimity,

sublimity, but which filled my heart with emotion, while I considered them as the prelude of scenes, where the water-fall swells into a torrent, and where, instead of rapid brooks, and small streams, the broad lake spreads its majestic expanse of waters.

I was yet only in the vestibule of Switzerland, and nature appeared to me as if lifting up gradually the veil which concealed those mighty objects of overwhelming grandeur, which my imagination sprung forward to meet with enthusiastic rapture. We passed by several country houses, with pleasure-grounds, covered with verdant seats, bowers, and arbours, prophanely cut into all the mishapen forms of Gothic fury, and where literally,

“ Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,

“ And half the platform just reflects the other.”

One might forgive a Dutchman for clipping his trees, and squaring his walks by the same rule with which he cuts his canals, and digs his ditches; but here, in the very temple of nature, where the inhabitant has but to cast his eye around him in order to learn all that she can teach of grace and majesty, it seems difficult to avoid feeling that *jets-d'eaux* are but ludicrous mimicry in the neighbourhood of cataracts; that bouquets of yew, and pillars of fir, lose much of their effect when placed beneath hanging woods of pines, and columns of cliffs; and that the romantic hills above are an eternal satire on the trim walks below.

In our way to Schaffhausen, we spent some agreeable days with a small party, at a farm-house in the Canton of Basil, situated in the nook of a mountain. High hills rise sloping round this little white dwelling, covered with fine pasturage, and scattered

tered over with trees, woody copfes, and swift rivulets flowing down their green fides. An Irish gentleman, who had hired apartments in this habitation for the fummer, and whom we went to vifit, had cut winding paths along the fteep hills with his own hands, directed the fresh fprings to flow into cool baths, and placed Italian, Latin, and French infcriptions upon the trees, in the charming receffes of the hanging woods.

When our good farmer bought his ground, its appendages of woods, cliffs, and rills, had probably only entered into his fpeculations, fo far as they were the means or the impediments of culture; but an Englifh nobleman would have purchafed them with half his fortune. During our ftay in this beautiful retreat, we lived with the farmer and his family, eat of their

bread, drank of their cup, and found perfect neatness, as well as plentiful hospitality at their table.

The farmer, a plain, honest, sensible Swiss, was proud of his country, and, above all, proud of his privileges, as he happened to be a burgher of Basil. He produced a kind of placard, which had been in his family, he said, for ages; and we observed that the date was in the middle of the fifteenth century. On this large placard was not ill engraven all the memorable historical events of Switzerland, since it began its struggles for freedom, with poetry below, explaining more fully the achievements which the painting related above. Our farmer felt his soul animated, and himself half a warrior, while he gazed on these glorious triumphs of his ancestors. I was, perhaps, the more struck with his enthusiasm,

fiatm, because it was the first time I had observed any such sentiment since my arrival in Switzerland.

In the commercial parts of that country, this feeling of pride in the feats of their progenitors is as completely extinct as the heroic race itself, which is long since gone to the family-vault of all the Capulets ; but in the little or ancient cantons, which were the cradle of Swiss liberty, this generous sentiment is still cherished. The peasants teach their children the oral tale of other times, and they early imbibe, with the love of their own country, an inveterate hatred against Austria. The memory of those valorous deeds is also impressed on the mind by coarse paintings, which cover the walls of the peasants' houses, and are sometimes so large as narrowly to escape the fate of the Vicar of Wakefield's family picture.

The farmer also recounted to me some of the rustic solemnities which are practised in the canton of Basil, where the peasants crown with heaps of flowers the hive which produces the first swarm of bees; and when the cows first go to graze in the spring, and leave it in the autumn, a long procession is formed of two cows abreast, whose horns are gayly decorated for the gala, and who are led on by two white cows, most profusely covered with wreaths, and ribbands of various colours. This custom, I am told, is as ancient as the days of Theocritus, who talks of adorning his favourite cow with chaplets.

Many a traditionary tale gives a moral interest to the picturesque scenes of this enchanting country. In one of our airings on horseback, during our stay at the farmhouse, we passed through a defile, above which rose piles of cliffs five hundred feet high,

high, and on the brow of one of those towering craggs we discerned the ruins of a Gothic castle, two windows of which still remain. “There,” said our guide, pointing to the frowning summit of the rock, “some ages past lived a tyrant: he delighted in desolation and death, and whenever any of his vassals offended him, he ordered them to appear before him, and then caused the unhappy victims to be thrown headlong from yonder horrible precipice into this gulph below. Three centuries since his vassals had their revenge; they armed themselves, climbed up at night by almost inaccessible paths to the castle, which they surprized, and set on fire, and the tyrant perished in the flames.”

We left, with regret, the farmer's white dwelling, and, crossing a part of the chain of Jura, proceeded on our journey to Baden, which is the Bath of Switzetland,

celebrated for the virtues of its hot springs, and is much frequented in summer; but there are no public meetings, and the company associate little together. The town is surrounded by lofty green hills; and the Limat flows at their feet with an impetuous rapidity, which seems to realize the poetical idea of living waters. We walked along a narrow path, by the edge of the river, to a limpid fountain, where the country girls, dressed in the picturesque costume of the female Swiss peasantry, came to draw water, and gave a more pastoral air to the scene. Bidding farewell to Baden, where we had been received by Mr. Barthelemy, the French Ambassador, with elegant hospitality, we pursued our course to Zurich.

This neat and chearful town, is divided into two parts by the Limat, and delightfully situated on the northern extremity of its

its noble lake, which spreads, far as the eye can reach, its mass of limpid waters, bounded by vine-covered hills, whose slopes are thick-studded with houses and villages, while beyond this scene of picturesque beauty, the Alps, covered with their eternal snows, rise in the distant perspective, stretching towards the south-west, and mingling their summits with the clouds. It was not without the most powerful emotion that, for the first time, I cast my eyes on that solemn, that majestic vision, the Alps!—how often had the idea of those stupendous mountains filled my heart with enthusiastic awe!—so long, so eagerly, had I desired to contemplate that scene of wonders, that I was unable to trace when first the wish was awakened in my bosom—it seemed from childhood to have made a part of my existence—I longed to bid adieu to the gayly-peopled landscapes of Zurich, and wander amidst those regions of mysterious
subli-

sublimity, the solitudes of nature, where her eternal laws seem at all seasons to forbid more than the temporary visits of man, and where, sometimes, the dangerous passes to her frozen summits are inflexibly barred against mortal footsteps. The pleasure arising from the varying forms of smiling beauty with which we were surrounded, became a cold sensation, while expectation hung upon those vast gigantic shapes—that half-seen chaos—which excited the stronger feelings of wonder, mingled with admiration. But I was obliged, with whatever regret, to relinquish for the present a nearer view of those tremendous object, since private affairs left me only sufficient leisure to visit the cataract of the Rhine before I returned to Basil; whence, however, I soothed myself with the hope of being soon able to depart in search of the terrific scenes of the Alps, and the rich luxuriant graces of the Italian vallies of Switzerland. In the mean time

we

we passed hastily through Zurich, in our way to Schaff hausen, for although I had been assured that the cataract of the Rhine was “but a fall of water,” it had excited so tormenting a curiosity, that I found I should be incapable of seeing any thing else with pleasure or advantage, till I had once gazed upon that object.

When we reached the summit of the hill which leads to the fall of the Rhine, we alighted from the carriage, and walked down the steep bank, whence I saw the river rolling turbulently over its bed of rocks, and heard the noise of the torrent, towards which we were descending, increasing as we drew near. My heart swelled with expectation—our path, as if formed to give the scene its full effect, concealed for some time the river from our view; till we reached a wooden balcony, projecting on the edge of the water, and whence, just sheltered

sheltered from the torrent, it bursts in all its overwhelming wonders on the astonished sight. That stupendous cataract, rushing with wild impetuosity over those broken, unequal rocks, which, lifting up their sharp points amidst its sea of foam, disturb its headlong course, multiply its falls, and make the afflicted waters roar—that cadence of tumultuous sound, which had never till now struck upon my ear—those long feathery surges, giving the element a new aspect—that spray rising into clouds of vapour, and reflecting the prismatic colours, while it disperses itself over the hills—never, never can I forget the sensations of that moment! when with a sort of annihilation of self, with every past impression erased from my memory, I felt as if my heart were bursting with emotions too strong to be sustained.—Oh, majestic torrent! which hast conveyed a new image of nature to my soul, the moments I have passed

passed in contemplating thy sublimity will form an epocha in my short span!—thy course is coeval with time, and thou wilt rush down thy rocky walls when this bosom, which throbs with admiration of thy greatness, shall beat no longer!

What an effort does it require to leave, after a transient glimpse, a scene, on which, while we meditate, we can take no account of time! its narrow limits seem too confined for the expanded spirit; such objects appear to belong to immortality; they call the musing mind from all its little cares and vanities, to higher destinies, and regions more congenial than this world to the feelings they excite. I had been often summoned by my fellow travellers to depart, had often repeated “but one moment more,” and many “moments more” had elapsed, before I could resolve to tear myself from the balcony.

We

We crossed the river, below the fall, in a boat, and had leisure to observe the surrounding scenery. The cataract, however, had for me a sort of fascinating power, which, if I withdrew my eyes for a moment, again fastened them on its impetuous waters. In the back ground of the torrent a bare mountain lifts its head encircled with its blue vapours; on the right rises a steep cliff of an enormous height, covered with wood, and upon its summit stands the castle of Lauffen, with its frowning towers, and encircled with its crannied wall; on the left human industry has seized upon a slender thread of this mighty torrent in its fall, and made it subservient to the purposes of commerce. Foundries, mills, and wheels are erected on the edge of the river, and a portion of the vast basin into which the cataract falls is confined by a dyke, which preserves the warehouses and the neighbouring huts from its inundations.

Sheltered within this little nook, and accustomed to the neighbourhood of the torrent, the boatman unloads his merchandize, and the artizan pursues his toil, regardless of the falling river, and inattentive to those thundering sounds which seem calculated to suspend all human activity in solemn and awful astonishment; while the imagination of the spectator is struck with the comparative littleness of fleeting man, busy with his trivial occupations, contrasted with the view of nature in all her vast, eternal, uncontrollable grandeur*.

We

* Mr. Cox estimates the height of the cataract of the Rhine at only fifty feet; Mons. Ramond, his elegant French translator, adds the following note to this observation:—"The quantity of water, which varies according to the season, has some influence upon the height, and a considerable effect upon the aspects of this fall. Those who have seen it at the period when the snows dissolve, will admit that description to be exact which Mr. Cox thinks exaggerated, and only

. true

We walked over the celebrated wooden bridge at Schaffhausen, of which the bold and simple construction is considered as an extraordinary effort of genius in the architect. Being altogether unqualified to judge of, or to describe its merit, I shall only observe, that nature seems to have given the Swiss, together with their rapid rivers, and their

true of remote times. I have been assured that the height of the cataract, in these circumstances, is not less than eighty feet. A stranger can scarcely, without temerity, judge from his simple observation, and if he does so, he will be sure to be below the truth. I have ascertained, and Mr. Cox himself makes the same remark, that it requires the eye of a Swiss to judge of certain dimensions, which, exceeding all we have before seen, find no model of proportion in the mind. Those who have travelled for the first time in Switzerland, have often found, to their great surprise, that instead of exaggerating the heights and the distances, they have diminished them one-half, or two-thirds, till long habit taught them to expand their ideas, by furnishing them with fit objects of comparison."

their torrent streams, an extraordinary genius for erecting bridges, of such daring design, hung upon the cliff, and suspended over the gulph, that we are not surpris'd to find superstition has sometimes attributed them to supernatural agency.

Part of our company being furnished only with French passports, we left Schaffhausen and returned to Zurich, without having visited the Lake of Constance, or its renowned and ancient city, which, at that period, was peopled by multitudes who had left France without passports.

CHAP. V.

Lavater.—Fall of Infidelity, and Triumph of the Religion of our Fathers.—Fashionable Devotees.—La Harpe—Lectures on Religion at Idalia.—Desertion of the Profelytes.—Theophilanthropism.

WE staid long enough at Zurich to visit its first literary ornament, Lavater. It being known that he is willing to receive strangers, no traveller of any lettered curiosity passes through the town, without paying him the homage of a visit.

He received us in his library, which was hung thick with portraits and engravings, of which he has a considerable collection, forming a complete study of the ever varying expression of the human face divine. Some very wise men, who admit of no scope to that faculty of the mind called imagination, and are for ever bringing every

every theory to the square and the compass, consider his system of physiognomy as the fantastic vision of an heated brain; but though it may be difficult, it is surely ingenious and interesting to attempt reducing to rules a science, which seems to be founded in nature. It is surely curious to analyze what it is so easy to feel, the charm of that expression, which is the emanation of moral qualities; that undefinable grace which is not beauty, but something more; without which its enchantments lose their power of fascination, and which can shed an animated glow, a spark of divinity over the features of deformity:

“ Mind, mind alone, bear witness earth, and heaven,

“ The living fountain in itself contains

“ Of beauteous and sublime.”

Lavater is a venerable looking old man, with a sharp long face, high features, and a wrinkled brow: he is tall, thin, and

F interesting

interesting in his figure; when serious he has a look of melancholy, almost of inquietude; but when he smiles, his countenance becomes lighted up with an expression of sweetness and intelligence.

There is a simple eloquence in his conversation, an effusion of the heart extremely attractive: he speaks French with some difficulty, and whenever he is at a loss for an expression has recourse to German, which I in vain begged a Swiss gentleman, who was of our party, to translate for me: he told me, that for the most part the German words Lavater employed were compound-epithets of his own framing, which had peculiar energy as he used them, but which would be quite vapid and spiritless in translation.

The great rule of moral conduct, Lavater said, in his opinion was, next to God, to
respect

respect time. Time, he considered as the most valuable of human treasures, and any waste of it as in the highest degree immoral. He rises every morning at the hour of five; and though it would be agreeable to him to breakfast immediately after rising, makes it an invariable rule to earn that repast by some previous labour; so that if by accident the rest of the day is spent to no useful purpose, some portion of it may at least be secured beyond the interruptions of chance.

Lavater gave us a most pleasing account of morals in Zurich. He had been a preacher of the gospel, he said, in that town thirty years; and so incapable were the citizens of any species of corruption, that he should have rendered himself ridiculous had he ever, during that long period, preached a sermon against it, since it was a vice unknown. “At what a distance,” thought

I, “ am I arrived from London and Paris.”

When we took our leave of Lavater, he begged we would write our names and place of abode in a book, which he appropriates to the use of inscribing the long list of his foreign visitors. An hour after my return from his house he came to pay me a visit, which I was taught to consider as an unusual compliment, since it is his general rule not to return the visits of strangers. Religion was the theme of his discourse, and he talked of its pleasures, its consolations, and its hopes, with a solemn sort of enthusiastic fervor, which shewed how much his heart was interested in the subject, and how warmly his sensibility was awake to devotional feelings. Although his zeal was not without knowledge, yet it was somewhat difficult to discover what was his system of belief: whether he was of
Paul

Paul or Apollos, a follower of Calvin, according to the established creed of the Swiss Church, or whether he was not in some sort the framer of a new doctrine himself.

One of my fellow-travellers, who was anxious to wrest from the venerable pastor his confession of faith, brought in review before him the various opinions of the fathers, orthodox and heretic; from Justin Martyr and Origin, down to the Bishop of St. David's and Dr. Priestley. But Lavater did not appear to have made polemics his study; he seemed to think right and wrong, in historical fact, of far less importance than right and wrong in religious sentiment; and above all, in human action. There was more of feeling than of logic in his conclusions; and he appeared to have taken less pains to examine religion, than to apply its precepts to the regulation of those frailties and passions of the human heart,

heart, the traces of which, hidden from others, he had marked with such admirable accuracy in the character and expression of outward forms. For myself, I own the solemn, meek, affectionate expression of Lavater's pious sentiments, were peculiarly soothing to my feelings, after having been so long stunned with the cavils of French philosophers, or rather the impertinent comments of their disciples, who are so proud of their scepticism, that they are forever obtruding it in conversation. The number of those disciples is augmented since the revolution, which has spread far and wide the writings of Rousseau and Voltaire; and every Frenchman, after having read those authors, though he may neither have taste enough to admire the charms of their genius, or virtue to feel the philanthropy of their sentiments, has, at least, acquired sufficient knowledge to assume the appellation of philosopher, and prove his claim

claim to that title by enlisting himself under the banner of infidelity, without knowing the use of his arms.

This irreverence for religion, however, which Mr. Burke considered as one of the primary causes of the French Revolution, is not, as heretofore, the *ton* amongst persons of former rank and fashion; infidelity has been in disgrace with that class, ever since it was prophaned by the vulgar Jacobin touch; and the only distinguished trophies that system can now boast, are a few Anti-Newtonian flights, with respect to final causes, from astronomic infidels. The aristocracy were no sooner convinced that the Catholic establishment, and, above all, the non-juring priests, were their best auxiliaries, than all the elegant women of Paris became immediately *devotées*, and nothing was heard of in fashionable saloons but professions of attachment and respect “*pour*

amples of fortitude and resignation under sufferings were, during revolutionary government, displayed by women. It was, no doubt, in the calmness and imperturbability of Madame C—— T——'s mind, under the certain expectation of the scaffold, that Mons. La Harpe was first led to admire the effects of a persuasion, which her eloquence and his own conviction made him afterwards adopt; and of which he became, in defiance of all his former opinions, the zealous and fashionable advocate.

The cruel persecution which the Catholic religion had sustained from the intolerant Jacobins, had produced the usual effect of persecution, that of rekindling the pious zeal of a great portion of the people of France. They returned to the religion of their fathers, not from the same motives as those which influenced the fine ladies and gentlemen

gentlemen of Paris, because it was connected with regal government; but because, wearied with revolutionary calamities, they stood in need of the soothing consolations of devotion; and the churches became crowded places of resort.

It was not, however, in those religious temples that the illustrious convert to the Catholic faith, Mons. La Harpe, became a preacher of its doctrines. Like the hero of Mr. Greaves's novel, Mons. La Harpe, took courage to attack the devil in his strongest holds. Being a person of high literary merit, he had been chosen to fill the rhetorical chair in the Lyceum. From that place, where, a few moons before, he had descanted on the glorious conquests of philosophy over superstition, and of liberty and the rights of man over despotism and slavery; he now poured forth the recantation of his errors in so eloquent and touching

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ing a strain, that the neighbouring square and streets re-echoed the long and tumultuous applauses of his fair auditory, for the majority were always ladies.

The lecturer, not satisfied with the victory gained over infidelity in this seat of science, of which it had been so long in possession, pursued that pernicious system into another of its fortresses, the regions of pleasure. Monf. La Harpe, becoming a Catholic, was too singular an event not to attract general notice; and as Catholicism happened to be in fashion, the proprietors of various places of amusement thought a few lectures from Monf. La Harpe, on “the religion of our fathers,” would be no unprofitable speculation. Accordingly, the splendid walks and fairy bowers of Idalia, which, till then, had only re-echoed the sounds of gaiety and pleasure, now re-founded with the vehement imprecations of

La

La Harpe against that vile revolutionary philosophy of the Rights of Man, which had overthrown the religion of our fathers. Monf. La Harpe continued to be the rage in Paris, till he was fucceeded by another fashionable novelty, which happened to be Abraham Effendi, the Turkish Ambaffador. Upon Abraham Effendi's arrival, the fashionable and butterfly-tribe forfook once more "the religion of their fathers," a fabric long fince undermined, and now haftening to decay, after gilding for a moment its venerable ruins with their glittering wings.

But another feft was now arifing, which threatened more formidable danger to the Roman Catholic religion than all the edicts of Jacobin ferocity. Some ferious and well-intentioned men, who were fenfible that the human mind, without religion, feels a void, which fomewhat better muft be found to fill

fill up than the doctrine of atoms, or the worship of reason, have become the founders of a new system, which, setting aside the dogmas of the Roman Catholic creed, connected, they assert, with ignorance and superstition, rests only on those points in which men of all religions are agreed, the moral government of the world by the Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul. This sect, distinguished by the name of *Theophilanthropists*, the friends of God and man, had formed various little societies in Paris before their opinions were publicly known. The simplicity of their worship, somewhat resembling that of the Dissenters in England, gained the attention of a few lettered men, and the benevolence of their doctrines became the public theme of panegyric of a member of the Directory, Lareveilliere Lepaux, who published a pamphlet, the object of which was to raise these doctrines into repute, by shewing the inconsistency

sistency of the Roman Catholic religion with liberty. This pamphlet was answered by Gregoire, the learned and patriotic Bishop of Blois, with much warmth, as a calumny against the nation: since the great majority, he asserted, were both Catholics and Republicans, and the most democratic governments in Europe, the smaller cantons of Switzerland, were steadfast in that belief.

Lareveilliere Lepaux obtained the title of high-priest of the new sect, which, thus raised into notice, became the object of various calumnies. Some asserted it to be a nest of terrorists, who, under the mask of religion, and the liberty allowed to every kind of worship, met only to frame the means of bringing round again their late system. Others were assured that this sect was nothing but a band of Atheists and Philosophers, who assembled only to propagate principles which, disbelieving themselves,

selves, they intended to make instruments of rooting out the Catholic faith.

Atheists and Jacobins perhaps mingle in these congregations ; but the mass appears to be composed of people of decent characters and manners, who, discontented with their former creeds, have embraced this worship till they are provided with a better.

In their prayers they invoke the Supreme Being as the author and governor of the universe ; they sing hymns of grateful acknowledgement for his bounties, and fill up the hours of their worship with a discourse on some moral subject, in which the obligations to maintain liberty, and keep inviolate the laws of the Republic are never forgotten. The better informed among the Theophilanthropes are believers in Christianity, while others affect to talk with disdain

dain of what they call the Christian sect: unwilling to admit, or probably ignorant that Christianity is the sole foundation on which rests their own scanty belief.

This new religious society has the support of government in every way in which its influence can be directed, without infringing that impartiality in religious matters which the law requires. The modest chambers, in which the founders of this sect first assembled, are now changed for the spacious churches, which can scarcely hold the crowds who resort to their meetings. The hour of the mysterious adoration of the host is no sooner passed, than the assembly of the Theophilanthropes begin their simple rites; and as the places of both worships are in common, the worshippers of both opinions often mingle together, and learn at least the divine lesson of toleration. How far the doctrines of this society may contribute

contribute to add to the flock of virtue in France it is difficult to determine; but this is certain, that the greatest revolutionary sinners, the Jacobins, have laid aside their worship of reason, and become the most stedfast adherents to this creed; and since the belief of immortality is the most powerful motive to virtue, he who is convinced of the existence of the Supreme Being, and offers up once a week his thanksgivings to the Giver of every good, for his loving-kindness and tender mercies, will be less inclined to sacrifice again at the altar of Moloch, and dye his hands in human blood.

The societies celebrate their worship both on Sundays and Decadies, in order to include the partisans of the old and new divisions of time. Their encreasing numbers have compelled them to disseminate themselves in various quarters of the town, and they are

about to apply for the equal use of all the churches of Paris, including that of Notre Dame. The people distinguish the two worships by the names of the mass and morality; and the new convert, instead of going as formerly *à la messe*, tells you, if you meet him on the way, that he is going *à la morale*.

CHAP. VI.

Country from Basil to Zurich.—Bremgarten.—Balstal.—Ornamented Graves.—French Burials.—Solemnity of Sunday in Switzerland.—Observations on Cruelty to Animals at Paris.—Geographical Religion of Switzerland.

IN our route to Schaffhausen we had passed the Haverstein, a mountain which serves as a continuation of Mount Jura, and divides the canton of Basil from that of Soleure. On the top of this mountain, which is of difficult ascent, we found a military post, where our permissions for travelling in Switzerland were examined and enregistered. This pass is one of the keys of the country, and appears, from its situation, to be capable of being well defended against very superior numbers; while the canton

of Bafil, which lies at its base, has no natural security whatever against invafion.

The defcent from this mountain, through a paffage cut in the rock on its fummit, pre-fents many points of perfpective which we then thought fublime, for we had not yet gazed on thofe ftupendous monuments, before which all other objects fink into little-nefs.

From the town of Olten, belonging to the canton of Soleure, and fituated at the diftance of half a league from the mountain, in a fine cultivated valley, through which flows the Aar; we proceeded along that river to Arau, in the canton of Berne. A few miles beyond we crossed a river called the Da, at Lentzburg, a fmall neat town in the fame canton; at Millingen we paffed the Reufs; this river, as well as the Limat, falls into the Aar, which, thus enriched by
the

the principal rivers of Switzerland, swells to a mighty volume the waters of the Rhine.

The country from Olten to Schaffhausen, though full of those beautiful landscapes with which Switzerland abounds, presents few scenes except the noble views over the Lake of Zurich, which leave lasting traces on the memory.

On our return from Zurich we crossed a chain of hills on our left, and descended into the rich vale of Bremgarten. Instead of repassing the Haverstein, we directed our course along the foot of Mount Jura, to meet the road that leads from Soleure over this ridge of mountains, which continues to separate the two cantons. At Balstal, a little village situated at the foot of those mountains, we went to see a cataract, of which we had heard a magnificent description.

tion. The rocky channel was bold and romantic, but the heat had dried up its waters. Our path lay through the church-yard of the village, and we were particularly struck with the pious homage paid to the memory of the dead, not only in the gilded tomb-stones and painted crosses, which were stuck thick over the ground; but in the humble affection which had given the grave itself an air of animation, by planting the pink, the violet, and other sweet-scented herbs, on the green mounds, beneath which reposed the mouldering dust. Instead of the murky atmosphere, and repulsive gloom of a receptacle of the dead, the church-yard, placed amidst wooded rocks and pastoral hills, and emitting the sweet fragrance of newly-springing flowers, and the fresh garlands which were hung around the tombs, excited pleasing images of hope to the mind, and led to soothing meditation. I recollected the wish of Ossian,

fian,

fian, " O, lay me, ye that see the light,
 near some rock of my hills; let the thick
 hazels be around, let the rustling oak be
 near. Green be the place of my rest; and
 let the found of the distant torrent be
 heard."

How remote from these tender cares of
 mourning humanity is the treatment observ-
 ed in France towards the dead; and which
 might seem a relapse to barbarism, if we did
 not find, even among the most savage na-
 tions, some civilized marks of human re-
 verence, some decent ceremonial paid to the
 relicks of our mortal nature! It might, per-
 haps, be necessary to restrain the display of
 that vanity which, before the revolution,
 decked its mockery of woe with idle pomp
 and pageantry; but stern indeed must be
 the reformer, who admires that cold-blood-
 ed philosophy which consigns those to
 whom we were bound by the holiest ties of

humanity, or the dearest feelings of the heart, without regret, to the unhallowed proces-verbal of a municipal officer, who strides away with indecent haste before the yet unstiffened corpse, and, like death, the common leveller, hurls it into the common pit, among undistinguished heaps of dead.

During the epocha of the worship of reason, a tacit approbation of this annihilation of vulgar prejudices might have been wrung from fear; since at that time, amongst the well-fed monsters in the republic, death, and the grave—

—————“Upturn’d

“Their nostrils wide into the murky air,

“Sagacious of their quarry*—”

and revelled on the dead, as their pioneers, terror, and Jacobin-government, rioted on the living.

* Milton.

But

But when public or private safety are no longer endangered by the indulgence of tender affections, even though equality should be sometimes wounded by the little distinctions which they might love to confer on the mouldering clay, it is surely tyranny over the most amiable weaknesses of our nature to tear thus rudely from the fond survivor that form which, a few hours before, was folded to the heart in the last agonies of separation, and to which it still clings with the bitterness of unavailing regret!

We returned to Basil on a Sunday morning, time enough to join a throng of worshippers at the French Protestant church, whose respectful demeanour and devout attention formed a singular and soothing contrast to the coarse impiety we had so lately witnessed at Paris ; where we had seen
altars

altars overthrown, the surplice and the mitre transformed into caparisons for horses; had heard the commissaries of revolutionary committees boast, that at their Bacchanalian orgies their gross libations had been poured from sacramental cups, and had observed that no political blasphemy was so striking to these reformers as the slightest mark of respect for religion. The practice of shutting up the gates of the Swiss towns, during divine service, to prevent the rolling of carriages, though attended with inconvenience to travellers, is so far pleasing; as it consecrates one day in seven to relaxation and repose. The strict observance of this day of rest in Switzerland forms an agreeable contrast to the busy, as well as dissipated manner in which both Sunday and Decadi are passed in France; which festivals, being ever at war with each other, neither are celebrated with respect.

Not

Not only are the stated returns of intervals of rest necessary for man, but the voice of mercy calls aloud on the French legislature to interpose between the restless activity or avarice of the master, and the beast. Nothing is more pleasing than to observe throughout Switzerland the care, and even tendernefs, which is shewn to the animal creation ; while in France they feel the primary curse of labour inflicted in all its severity. Sunday and Decadi, alike the loaded horse drags on his heavy burden ; alike the merciless lash for ever resounds along the streets, and those whose nerves are not steeled against every pain but their own, are denied the relief of knowing, that an appointed respite from toil is the privilege of that miserable race.

Among the moral diversities of Switzerland, none are marked with more precision
than

than their territorial belief. In a ride of two or three hours from the canton of Basle into that of Soleure, and over a branch of the canton of Berne into that of Lucerne, we found ourselves alternately on Catholic and Protestant ground. In whatever cause originated these whimsical boundaries of their geographical religion, which heretofore lighted up so often the flames of civil dissention, it is soothing to observe, that since the beginning of the present century, the Swiss have discovered that the sword is not the most persuasive weapon of religious controversy. Two religions, that of the Roman church, and the assemblage of dogmas of the sixteenth century, called the Helvetic confession, are the exclusive religions of the Helvetic confederacy. Hume has somewhere observed, that the hatred of Polemics is most inveterate, where the points in dispute are the least remote; it is not therefore

therefore surprising that civil dissensions in Switzerland should have been carried to such excess, since the faith, for which both parties contended, is conceived in the same spirit of intolerance, and buried in the same labyrinth of incomprehensibility.

CHAP. VII.

Canton of Basil.—Rights of the Burghers of Basil.—

Degraded State of the other Classes.—Peasants.—

Serfs.—Comparative View of French and Swiss Pea-

santry before the Revolution.—State of French Pea-

santry since the Revolution.—Manufactures in the

canton of Basil—Singular Restrictions on the Labo-

rious Classes.—Jews.—Citizens in France.—Tolera-

tion.—Defence of the Jews by a French Catholic

Bishop.—Religious Toleration in Turkey.—Whimsi-

cal Persecution of the Jews at Basil.—Reflections and

Apostrophe of a Jew.

OF the forty thousand inhabitants, which compose the population of the city and canton of Basil, the burghers forming the fifth part of that number alone enjoy, or fancy they enjoy the rights of equality. The people of Basil are divided into two distinct classes, that of the burghers, consisting of eight thousand persons, and that of the other inhabitants; which last class in-

creases

creases in the same proportion that the first diminishes from year to year, and now amounts to about seven thousand persons. This latter class is in a state of complete degradation, excluded from all political rights, can exercise no trade, and the individuals of which it is formed are considered merely as strangers, to whom the privilege is granted of living in the town, placed, for the most part, under the immediate responsibility of the manufacturer or artizan by whom they are employed, and who is bound to take such measures respecting them, as shall prevent their becoming burdensome to the state.

When persons of this class are born in Basil, when even their parents have been natives of the city for several successive generations, they acquire not one further prerogative from these circumstances; and the admission of a few of these individuals to the

the right of burghers, is always attended with so many obstacles, that the instances in which it takes place are extremely rare. Few of this class attain considerable wealth, yet the increase of their number, their perseverance in remaining in this humiliating condition, while they are forced to support the load of heavy taxes from which the burghers are exempted, and receive no other benefit from the government than personal protection and safety, prove, however, that they at least enjoy some advantages of which they were not before possessed, and give a strong idea of the wretchedness of their situation in the countries which they have forsaken.

What is remarkable enough in this celebrated land of freedom, where the poet tells us, that

“ Even the peasant boasts his rights to scan,

“ And learns to venerate himself as man :”

All

All the peasantry in the canton of Basle, with only the exception of the little town of Liestal, which enjoys a few municipal privileges, are literally serfs, and annexed to the soil. In the feudal times, these people, who belonged to their respective chiefs, were successively sold, with the possessions on which they were found, to the city of Basle, then an imperial city. These Gothic prerogatives, however, have long since been prudently thrown into the back-ground, and are now less likely than ever to be revived, at the distance of half a mile from the shouts of equality, fraternity, and the rights of man.

A stranger who travels through France into Switzerland, cannot fail to observe the different appearance of the habitations of the peasantry of each country. The abject condition of this class in France, previous

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to

to the revolution, was one of the most prominent features of the wretchedness of the government; and sufficient time has not yet elapsed to change the external marks of misery. The commanding chateau still frowns in gloomy magnificence over the mud-walled hut, though the inhabitants are now possessed of equal rights. In Switzerland, the peasant's habitation, however poor, has the air of comfort and convenience, every wooden cottage has its garden, or orchard, and the limpid brook running before the door of the thatch, gives the whole an air of freshness.

The peasants of the canton of Basle are, like the generality of peasants in Switzerland, well clothed and fed, have the liberty, which is no small prerogative, of judging, in the first instance, their own disputes, without the intervention of the Bailiff, whose

whose treasury is too often swelled by the fines of contention; and have also the privilege of bearing arms.

Their neighbours, the French peasantry, need no longer look upon these advantages with the glance of envy or the sigh of regret; since for the French husbandman, above every other class of Frenchmen, the revolution hitherto has been made. While the nobility, the clergy, the pensioners of the state, have been ruined; while commerce, for a while annihilated amidst the overwhelming shock of political convulsions, is now but slowly awakening once more to life, the husbandman, emancipated from every feudal claim, exonerated from every species of personal servitude, disburthened of every tax, and relieved from every oppression, has, above all others, had cause to bless the dawn of liberty. Even the horrible tempest of revolutionary terror

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passed

passed harmless over his head; and while the palace was devastated, and the chateau levelled to the ground, his cottage stood erect; amidst the violation of all other possessions, his property, with the exception of a few revolutionary requisitions, was respected; and, amidst hosts of executioners, his person was safe. During the long course and vast depreciation of paper-money, the farmer paid, with the labour of a week, the rents of the year; and was enabled, not only to augment his stock, but often became himself a purchaser of land. Sufficiently an egotist to take every possible advantage of circumstances, at the same time that he disbursed his rent in paper, he sold his corn only for money; while the starving proprietor of land was compelled, like Belvidera, to “part with the ancient ornaments of massy plate,” to buy the wheat which grew on his own ground for the support of himself and his family. With the
return

return of money the landlord, indeed, has been rescued from poverty, by receiving his revenue in solid coin; which the farmers, immensely enriched by the reign of paper, are well enabled to pay. They at present form a bold, independent class of yeomanry, a class till now unknown in this country, and their once bare-legged wives and daughters proudly display their white stockings, rich-laced caps, shining pendants, and golden crosses, which, in the country, still continue to be worn as a badge of their faith, as well as a decoration of their persons.

The population of the canton of Basil being very far beyond the proportion of its extent of territory, great numbers are employed in manufactures, particularly that of cottons and ribbons, which are brought to great perfection. Over the manufactures of these articles, the governors find it ad-

vantageous to manifest some portion of their right of sovereignty ; for in vain the father of a family may cultivate his field of flax, and prepare it for use ; in vain his wife may spin, his infants turn the wheel which winds the thread, and he himself weave the woof ; the web when woven is not at his disposition—he has no right over the produce of his labour, no power to dispose of what he has acquired by the sweat of his brow and the toil of his hands ; he must carry his little stock to the capital of his Canton, and there, and only there, is permitted to sell it ; while the burgher of the town, who is the purchaser, has previously arranged the price at which it shall be sold. A more vexatious law than this is, I believe, scarcely to be found in the whole code of despotism.

If such be the paternal care of the political fathers of Basil over their children, it would

would be superfluous to expect from them any marks of tender regard for those, who, as strangers, have no claim to their protection. But against none of the family of the human race is this republican choler so vehemently displayed, as against that miserable victim of Christian wrath and contempt, the follower of the religion of Moses. In despite of his imputed crimes, a dreadful legacy inherited from his ancestry, the Jew, who has found in many countries of Europe an asylum, in France has found a country. This despised wanderer can here cling fast to his home, and raised from that state of humiliation into which our Anti-Christian barbarity had plunged him, for ages the object of its severest persecution, the Jew, a citizen, becomes the proprietor of the soil, enriches himself in peace by the gains of his industry, can lift his front in the senate, and become the highest officer in the state.

Divine spirit of toleration! not of that toleration that throws the humiliating arm of protection over the creature of its forbearance, and, proud of its privileges, grants as a boon what ought to be conceded as a right; but of that toleration which regards as children of the same original, and entitled to an equal share of his beneficence, the professors of the primitive faith of the Patriarchs, the followers of the dogmas of the Catholic creed, and of Calvin, and the believers in the simple truths of the gospel.

Against this innovating principle the Basilians for two centuries past have struggled with zealous uniformity. Previous to the French revolution, the epocha of Jewish liberty, Gregoire, distinguished no less for a strict adherence to his own faith, than for that large benevolence of soul which hails a brother in every religious creed, became the avowed advocate of this persecuted race,

and prepared their way to liberty, by inculcating on the minds of their persecutors the heavenly lesson of toleration. Even the pale-faced crescent, catching some particles of its divine light, has at length reflected its favoring beams on the celebration of Christian worship. But in the Protestant canton of Basil no Catholic rites are allowed, and a Jew is an object of unceasing abhorrence. Not only is the residence of these elder brethren of their faith forbidden by the burghers of Basil; but without the express permission of the supreme magistrate, or hazarding the payment of a heavy fine, durst any Israelitish wanderer rest within the walls for one night his wearied head. No act of commerce can pass between a Jew and a Basilian, however equal their talents in the arts of trade, without the intervention of a public officer in aid of the latter; and so careful is the protecting hand of government in favor of the burgher, that no contract

contract with a Jew, unless ratified by the burgo-master, is binding on the believer.

It has been invidiously stated, that the jealousy of trade has suggested these prudent precautions; but the superior attainments of the inhabitants of Basil, in the science of commerce, renders such a precaution unnecessary. No person of discernment will put in competition the fine commercial intelligence of a burgher of Basil, with the rude cunning of the miserable outcast of his proscription; and this zeal against Judaism must be resolved into the abhorrence with which Basil Christians consider this impious sect, delivered over to final reprobation. The Jew, who does not understand the niceties of Basil belief, might indeed reasonably expect to find in a free state the privileges allowed to his brethren in despotic countries by Catholic inquisitors: he may perhaps be
allowed

allowed to murmur at the detail of inhospitality with which he is treated at Basil, and exclaim with the Jew of Venice:

“O, Father Abraham, what these Christians are!”

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. VIII.

*Government of the Canton of Basil.—Mode of Elect-
 the Members of the Council, and the Professors of the
 University.—Ancient and Modern State of Litera-
 ture.*

WHEN we observe in the canton of Basil, which is composed of forty thousand inhabitants, that more than thirty thousand of that number enjoy no privileges, it will be some relief to find that liberty has taken refuge among the remainder. The actual number of burghers does not exceed seven thousand, and of these no more than three hundred wield the sceptre of government for life, under the name of members of the great and little councils.

Although, when vacancies take place, the members of these councils are chosen from
 amongst

amongst the burghers, they are not chosen by them. The care of the nomination falls to the lot of the members of the councils themselves, who, knowing from experience the fatigues and difficulties of governing, are supposed to be better informed than the mass of the burghers, what heads are best organized for the duties of that important station.

The right of citizenship is never acquired, as in France, by residence: the ambitious wight who aspires to this distinction, after obtaining the permission of the grand council, must purchase the privilege with a large sum of money, unless he becomes enamoured of some fair daughter of a burgher, when he is allowed to make a composition for his freedom by paying one half in money, and as a compromise for the other, taxing himself with a wife. But though admitted to be a burgher, the privilege

lege of being eligible to any office of the government belongs only to his posterity of the third or fourth generation. Criminal conviction suspends all civil rights, and the crime of bankruptcy at Basil, ranked by other governments under the class of misfortunes, attaints with the same degradation even the highest officers of the state.

Left thirty-nine thousand seven hundred inhabitants of the canton of Basil should murmur at being governed by three hundred self-elected individuals, means have been taken to lessen the appearance of this usurpation in the eyes of the people. With this view the elections of the vacant seats of government are made by lot; when a vacancy happens six candidates are chosen by the great council, after which those candidates draw lots for the place.

This mode of election may perhaps be
pardonable

pardonable with respect to the members of the great and little council. Perhaps no eminent talents are requisite to fill those stations, or to perform the parts of burgo-masters or tribunes; and indeed the opinion, that it requires little art to govern, appears to be spreading so generally throughout Europe, that in many parts of it men seem disposed to govern themselves.

But what is not to be forgiven is having adopted this mode of drawing lots to fill up the vacant seats at the university. Those superior endowments of mind, which give the right of presiding over the researches of science, are in all ages and nations dispensed with parsimony, and at Basil are probably for the most part dispensed in vain: since no doubt chance often bids dullness mount the throne, while black-balled genius “wastes its talents on the desert air.” Of this there is a remarkable instance on the records

records of the university, where those ornaments of their country, the illustrious mathematicians, the Bernouillis, who would have been the ornaments of any country, after frequent rejection by black-balls, obtained at length the chairs of professors of rhetoric and botany.

It may indeed be now alledged in justification of this practice, that there is little to teach since there are few to learn: the colleges are without pupils, and the professorships are merely sinecures. Yet Basil was once the centre of science, the chosen residence of the great Erasmus, and possessed an university, the professors of which were composed of the most enlightened men of the age, and on which the Eulers and the Boehmens conferred celebrity: and we are told by Mr. Cox, that he found shopkeepers in this city reading Virgil, Horace, and Plutarch; from which he was, no doubt,

doubt, well authorized to draw his conclusion, that there is no country in the world where the people are so happy. But whatever were the Halcyon days of taste and learning at the period of Mr. Cox's visit, it is a melancholy fact, that this literary spirit has entirely evaporated since his departure. These lettered triumphs, the "tales of other times," are buried in tenfold gloom: the Swiss themselves admit, that Basil is the Bœotia of their country, and Horace, Virgil, and Plutarch, are now in general disrepute, not only among the shopkeepers, but even among the wholesale dealers of this once classic city.

Science is in few countries the certain road to wealth, but the modern rulers of Basil seem to have determined, that it shall there be the sure path to poverty. Since, while the citizens, whose knowledge extends only to the rules of arithmetic, who

read nothing but their ledgers, and understand nothing but the course of exchange, enjoy all the lavish luxuries of affluence, the ill-fated wight whom the love of learning, or the impulse of genius, leads to the professorship of a college, is forced to content himself with that narrow stipend, which, instead of keeping pace with the increase of wealth, remains, amidst its flowing tide, an antique monument of the few and simple wants of early times.

But to have annexed poverty to letters appears not to have been thought sufficient by that portion of the praise-worthy Helvetic body, which presides over the destinies of Basil. They have stamped a mark of disgrace on the brow of science; and whilst the taylor, the fisherman, the shoe-maker, the boatman, all men but the man of letters, can assert their claims as burghers to the public honors and dignities of the state,

“ And

“And saving ignorance enthrones by law;”

POPE.

the professors of the university are excluded. Genius is treated like other strangers in the city of Basil, and refused all participation in the rights and immunities of its privileged burghers.

Even here however we find a chosen few, who have not bowed the knee to Baal, and who cultivate letters with the ardour of elegant minds; but their number is not sufficient to save their city from reproach, and those accomplished exceptions only serve to establish the general rule, as a solitary flower on a desert heath reminds the traveller of the surrounding barrenness. While I recall the few men of superior intellectual endowments, which Basil still can boast, the image of my venerable friend, Colonel Frey, naturally presents itself to my mind: that respectable veteran in litera-

ture as well as arms, who unites with those polished manners, acquired during fifty years of military service in France, all the more solid attainments of learning and science: he possesses a fine library, one of the few cabinets of natural history at Basil, which, rich in petrifications, marbles, and minerals, deserves the attention of strangers, and passes the evening of an active life in the placid satisfactions of study. I enjoyed the advantage of his protection during my stay at Basil, and have a sufficiently discerning sense of merit to know how to appreciate his friendship. Colonel Frey's second son is married to M. du F——, the romantic history of whose parents is sketched in my first volume of Letters on France.

Mr. Le Grand, member of the great council, an ardent and enlightened friend of the French Republic, had taught his infants to lisp the cherished sounds of liberty,

and chaunt its favorite airs with such fond enthusiasm, that his house seemed to me a chapel worthy of William Tell.

Although the number of enlightened men in Basil is very inconsiderable, it is easy to perceive, that in the general resurrection to liberty, which Switzerland is about to experience, this canton, to borrow an expression from Gibbon, will, from its moral and geographical position, be the first to cast away the shroud.

CHAP. IX.

Curiosities of Basil.—Arsenal.—Cathedral.—Public Library.—Dance of Death.—Departure from Basil.—Sempack.—Reflections on the Love of Freedom.

DURING our stay at Basil, we visited, like other travellers, the arsenal, the ornaments of which are composed of shields, swords, and breast-plates, which from their enormous size, would crush ten modern citizens of Basil, and reminded us of Nestor's speech, where he exclaims—

“ A god-like race of heroes once I knew,

“ Such as no more these aged eyes shall view.”

POPE'S HOMER.

We then proceeded to the cathedral, a fine piece of architecture, but disfigured without by a coating of red paint: what is most interesting within is the tomb of Erasmus,

Erasmus, a frugal tablet of common marble stuck against the wall.

At the public library we were shewn, with extreme politeness, the various and valuable curiosities it contains; such as the collection of manuscripts which is highly precious, manuscript letters of Erasmus, the original sketches of most of the fine pictures of Holbein, the Passion painted in the first style of this master, and other admirable pieces worthy of the public library and museum of Paris.

We saw M. Mechel's fine collection of engravings, and we also visited the hideous series of figures called the Dance of Death, painted by Kleber, a pupil of Holbein. After seeing these, and some other less important curiosities, we took leave of our friends at Basil, in order to enjoy a nearer view of those sublime objects, which we

had hitherto seen only at a distance, lifting their hoary heads to the heavens.

We crossed again the Haverstein, and passed through Olten to Arbourg, a small town on the river Aar, overlooked by a castle, which is the northern bastile of the canton of Berne for state-offenders. From Zoffingen, a pleasant and populous town about two leagues from Arbourg, we proceeded through a delicious country of gently swelling hills, and finely watered meadows, to Sursee, a town of the canton of Lucerne. Half a mile from Sursee is the Lake of Sempach, along which we travelled nearly the whole of its length, and which takes its name from a little town on the eastern side, where was fought that ever memorable battle which gave liberty to Switzerland. With equal contempt of their numbers and discipline, Duke Leopold, at the head of a formidable phalanx, and attended

tended by the first nobility of the empire, attacked the little army, consisting of thirteen hundred men of the four confederate cantons, Lucerne, Uri, Schwitz, and Underwalden. The Swifs had in vain attempted to pierce the enemy's ranks, and the fate of war hung doubtful; when Arnold de Wilkenreid, devoting himself, like Decius, to certain death, after recommending his wife and children to the care of his country, opened the way to victory, by throwing himself on the lances of the Austrians, who, seized with astonishment at this effort of desperate valour, yielded to the impetuous torrent for which Wilkenreid had freed a passage, and fled; leaving Leopold on the field with the flower of his army.

On the spot where this memorable victory was gained, is built a chapel in commemoration of the event; in which are seen the portraits of the Duke of Austria
and

and his chief nobility who perished with him, and whose bodies were transported for burial to some distant abbey, while the ashes of the Swiss heroes yet consecrate the field of honor where they so generously poured out their lives. Several of these chapels, the monuments of the piety and valour of the early Swiss, are to be seen in this country. As festivals and games were instituted among the Greeks to keep alive the heroic deeds of their ancestors, so the Swiss, on the anniversary of great events, were accustomed to go in solemn procession to those chapels, and offer up their public thanksgivings.

This practice, which has been long discontinued in other parts of Switzerland, is still observed at this chapel. Every year, on the ninth of July, a solemn mass is performed, and an oration suitable to the occasion is pronounced; the Republic of
Lucerne

Lucerne defrays the expence, and some of the magistrates attend the service. The inhabitants of this district are not altogether unconscious that they live in the neighbourhood of heroes. The person who undertook to be our Cicerone, was a smart-looking hostess of a village inn.—“ There,” said she, “ on the brow of that hill we stood, dressed in carters’ frocks, and the Austrians thought we were a fresh army of soldiers.” By *we* were meant the women of that day, who, according to local tradition, for it does not appear to be recorded in any history, made use of this stratagem to multiply the appearance of the confederated forces. Had our Cicerone lived at that period, there is no doubt, from the energy with which she imputed to herself the feats of her ancestry, that she would have been foremost in the van of this *corps de reserve*.

The remembrance of the illustrious acts
 I of

of their ancestors is cherished by enslaved nations with fond enthusiasm, and even degenerated nations attempt to hide their own disgrace beneath the glories of their history. When the French armies lately entered Greece, the Patriarch, at the head of the procession, met the conquerors with the books of Homer. Though bowed beneath the yoke of European tyranny,

“Th’ unconquerable mind, and freedom’s holy
flame,”

Is felt not only by

———“the savage youth

“Beneath the odorous shade

“Of Chili’s boundless forests laid;”

GRAY.

but throughout the immense tract of that rich and violated continent, where the Peruvian, stealing from the glance of his tyrant, hies to the native circle, joins in the melancholy dance, and laments, with
tears,

tears, the departed splendour of his country*.

* Of the existence of this fond enthusiasm I have lately heard much from some well informed Frenchmen, who had been long resident in that part of the globe, and who, under the false pretence of their being engaged in a conspiracy in favour of liberty, were thrown into the dungeons of Mexico, where they remained loaded with irons till after the conclusion of the peace between France and Spain, when they were ordered to leave the country. The Viceroy of Mexico, brother of the Prince de Paix, as a reward for his vigilant persecution of those French citizens, was decorated by his Court with the title of Reconquistador, and a second Cortez.

When in my poem on Peru, one of my earliest productions, I fondly poured forth the wish that the natives of that once happy country might regain their freedom, it seemed rather the illusive dream of fancy than founded on any solid basis of hope. That revolution had not yet taken place, which appears destined to break the fetters of mankind in whatever region they are found, and which transforms what was once the vision of poetic enthusiasm into the sober certainty of expectation.

The

The human mind, frozen under the superstition of ages, unfolds itself to the genial gale of freedom, passing even for a moment over its stiffened faculties. The transient revolt of Rhenzi was regarded by Petrarch as the return of the golden age of Rome; and the subject of the Italian Pontiff views, at the present day, the light of freedom reflected from the rocks of the Cisalpine Republic on the capitol, and hails the happy augur.

Festivals in favour of liberty, had they been habitual in Switzerland, would probably have been forbidden by the policy of the times. It would have been dangerous to have kindled fuel near so mighty a conflagration. But where the spirit of liberty is to be preserved or excited, as in France, perhaps no means is more effectual than that of the periodical commemoration of great events.

events. What Frenchman can hear, unmoved, the names of Fleurus, Lodi, Kell, Arcole, and the Tagliamento?—but were the long list of French victories to be commemorated, the calendar itself would scarcely contain the catalogue.

CHAP. X.

Lucerne.—Voyage down the Lake of Lucerne.—Gersau.—Schweitz.—Brunnen.—Tell's Chapel.—Lake of Uri.

AFTER leaving the lake of Sempach, we ascended the hills that lead to Lucerne. From their summits, we were first presented with the near view of that grand and majestic scenery, which we had hitherto only beheld at a distance. Mount Pilate lifted high above the rolling clouds its shagged head; of which, at intervals, we caught a glance, while its dark green sides contrasted finely with the varied vegetation around us.

The approach to Lucerne is beautifully picturesque. About half a league from the
town

town we crossed the Emmen, near the spot where it mingles its streams with the Reufs, which pours its swelling and limpid waters of a grassy hue from the lake. Lucerne is divided by this river, and the lake, into unequal portions, but the communication is rendered easy and agreeable by means of four bridges; one of which, of ordinary construction, serves for the passage of carriages, while the other three are calculated only for foot passengers. These bridges, one of which is six or seven hundred feet in length, and another from three to four hundred feet, present delightful views over the lake to the mountains, and serve as walks to the inhabitants, who are sheltered from the sun and rain, by a roof supported at every ten steps by pillars of wood: between those pillars pannels are fixed, painted on both sides, which represent in some places the most celebrated events of their national history, and in others scripture-

ture subjects, and fanciful figures of poetry and romance, such as winged dragons, griffins, devils, and centaurs:

“Monsters and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.”

MILTON.

Some of these paintings are well executed; but are unfavourably placed on account of the shadow of the roof. One of our Lucerne friends pointed out a piece which represented an execution, the instrument of death resembles the machine, of which such abhorred use was made in France during the reign of terror, and robs of the merit of the invention a member of the first national assembly, M. Guillotin, whose name it bears.

As we wished to cross the Alps without delay, we remained but a short time at Lucerne, intending on our return to take a more detailed view of this enchanting country.

country. Before our departure we made a visit to General Pfyffer, whose plan in relief of the little cantons is an interesting monument of topographical genius and laborious constancy. The General related to us, with his usual affability, all the perils and difficulties he had encountered in the formation of this admirable mimick-creation of silver torrents, mossy forests, tin-houses, and glass lakes.

We embarked our horses, and departing from Lucerne at an early hour of a fine cloudless morning, began our voyage down the lake to Altorf. The hills rising from the shores near the town, which are but of little elevation, are covered for the most part with country-houses and gardens; and here the inhabitants, instead of warring with nature by strait lines and trimmed trees, had aided her loveliness by their taste in disposition and forbearance in ornament.

At the distance of three miles from Lucerne the lake opens on both sides, stretching away on the left to the canton of Zug, and on the right to that of Underwalden. On the one side Mount Pilate, rising abrupt from the waters, displayed its sublime and uncovered head: on the other the lofty but more humble Rigi poured down its numerous torrents, illuminated by the sunbeams, like silvered lines in swift succession, at which we gazed with delight, while we were passing along tremendous rocks, whose vast shadows fell black upon the clear azure of the waters. Before us the mountains swelled majestically, clothed with a luxuriance of trees; but as we proceeded the rocks narrowed, and seemed to forbid our progress.

At this point the breadth of the lake is very inconsiderable; but having passed these straits a turn of the rock discovers ano-

ther

ther ample sea, when we discerned the lofty hills of Uri on our right; and to the west a considerable portion of the re-fluent lake that washed the rocks of Underwalden.

On the left, beneath the inaccessible and encircling craggs of the Rigi, is situated the independent state of Gersau, where we disembarked.

This Republic comprehending its regency, single, double, and triple councils, treasurer, grand faulier, secretaries, judges, ministers, officers, naval and military force, and the governed of all descriptions, contains from nine hundred to a thousand souls. Cavalry makes no part of the strength of this territory, since the lofty ramparts of rock, by which it is divided from the main land, are inaccessible to horses. It possesses, however, a numerous fleet of boats, which

rode at anchor before the port, and prevented for some time the entrance of our vessel. Having on our landing fauntered to one part of the state to take a survey of its edifices, our ears were assailed by a tumultuous noise, which proceeded from the tuneful throats of a multitude assembled in the church at the other end of the republic, celebrating the praises of Saints Zeno and Bridget.

The chief import of this republic is raw silk, which is manufactured for Basil and Zurich; its exports are principally fruit and fish, in the capture of which the fleet is employed which we saw moored in the harbour.

Gerfau allied itself to the democratic cantons in the beginning of the fourteenth century, and adopted their form of government. The history of the wars and treaties, troubles,

troubles, domestic and foreign, of this small republic, though it make no considerable figure in the history of the world, fills many a page in the records of the Lake of the four cantons.

The earliest warlike atchievement of Gersau appears to have been directed against Lucerne. Discontented with a decision given by the canton of Zug, as arbitrator, in favour of the Lucernois, the Gersovians, like Homer's heroes, began hostilities by stealing the cattle of their neighbours of Wigis,

“ When from their fury fled the trembling swains,

“ And theirs was all the plunder of the plains ;

“ Fifty white flocks, full fifty herds of swine,

“ As many goats, as many lowing kine.”

POPE'S ILLIAD, Book xi.

Reprisals were made, and the contest might perhaps have been as bloody as that of the

Pylian Sage with the Epian powers, had not the allied cantons interfered, and imposed a heavy retribution on the Gerfovians.

This republic, which is said to be the least in Switzerland, and perhaps in Europe, and is scarcely known beyond the ken of the craggs, and the lake that surround it, far from furnishing us with new themes of the happiness and security of such humble states, bore many marks of the vices and defects of more extensive governments. A few handsome mansions, surrounded by wretched cabins, and infested by beggars, afforded no presumptive evidence of an equal distribution of power or wealth. The republic of Gersau, however, has sometimes had the honour of holding the balance of Swiss power, and is said at the famous battle of Cappel, in which Zuinglius fell, to have turned the scale in favour of

of the cause for which they fought, and to have been one of the principal instruments in the preservation of the Catholic religion in Switzerland,

After having visited whatever was worthy of notice at Gerfau, we reembarked and proceeded on our voyage. The canton of Schwitz lay in the direction we were sailing, presenting us with a fine perspective of woody and romantic country, rising from sloping hills, on the side of which the town of Schwitz is built, into lofty forests of pines, which are crowned by two towering mountains with sharp pointed peaks. The town of Brunen is the port of this canton, and the road from thence to Schewitz, about two miles distance, is an agreeable walk, which is usually taken by every traveller who sails up this lake; since few refuse to turn a little out of their way in order to

to tread upon the spot which gives its name to Switzerland.

The shores of the Lake of the four cantons have witnessed most of the great actions that have been performed in Switzerland; as those of the Mediterranean have been the scenes of whatever has most dignified the history of the world. At Brunen, in 1315, the treaty was confirmed between the countries of Uri, Schewitz, and Underwalden, which asserted their independence. At Grutlen, a village at the foot of the Seeleisburg, on the opposite side of the lake, was held the confederacy where the generous design was planned by the three heroes for the deliverance of their country. The chapel of William Tell, as we advanced, presents itself on the right, perched among the rocks, in commemoration of his escape from the bailiff Geisler, by leaping from the
the

the boat in the midst of a tempest raised by subterraneous winds, which often render this navigation dangerous.

No place could surely be found more correspondent to a great and generous purpose, more worthy of an heroical and sublime action, than the august and solemn scenery around us. The Lake which we had traversed nearly from west to east, turns direct from the point opposite Brunen to the south, and is said to be in this part six or seven hundred feet deep. This branch is called the Lake of Uri. Near its entrance insulated pointed rocks of singular form and construction rise boldly from the water. Having passed those precipices, we entered into a gulph, of which the boundaries were awfully terrific. On each side of the profound abyfs, the dark lowering rocks rose sometimes abrupt and barren, sometimes presenting tufts of pine and beech

beech between its shaggy masses, and occasionally beyond these savage limits of the lake, the eye caught a glimpse of mountains in the lofty perspective, clothed midway with forests, and rising into peaks of alternate pasturage and craggs.

Beneath their inaccessible ramparts, whose enormous height gives an appearance of narrowness to the lake, we sailed, gazing with that kind of wrapt astonishment which fears to disturb, or be disturbed by the mutual communication of thought. The approach of night spread new forms of shadowy greatness over the scene. We had loitered many hours on our passage, forgetting that the last part of our voyage was the most perilous. But the unruffled stillness of the water, the delicious serenity of the evening, and the long reflected rays of the moon from the whitened summits of the opposite mountains, of which we sometimes

caught

caught a glimpse, dissipated every idea of danger. The only sounds that broke the awful silence were the gentle motion of the oars of our wearied boatmen, and the tolling of the distant bell from Altorf, borne down the lake, and

“Swinging slow with sullen roar.”

MILTON.

We had passed through all the soft gradations of twilight, and had enjoyed the brownest horrors of evening in all their deepening gloom, before the moon had scaled the lofty summits which concealed her from our view. At length she burst upon us in her fullest radiancy, illuminating the dusky sides of the cragged rocks, and the dark foliage of the piny woods; burnishing with her silver rays the smooth and limpid waters; shooting her shadowy beams along the lake to the distant perspective

tive of the mountains we had left behind, and lighting up the whole majestic scenery with glorious and chastened lustre.

We reached almost with regret Fluellen, the port whither we were bound, and mounting our horses proceeded to Altorf, which lies at the distance of two miles.

CHAP. XI.

Altorf. — William Tell. — Ascent to St. Gothard. —

Wassen. — Valley of Schellinen. — Devil's Bridge. —

Vale of Urseren.

NOTWITHSTANDING our impatience to climb St. Gothard, it would have been unpardonable not to have passed a few hours in contemplating the most remarkable objects at Altorf, the capital of Uri, and the laurelled cradle of the Helvetic confederation.

Two hundred years since, the tree yet stood erect in the market-place, to which the son of William Tell was bound. On this sacred spot is built a kind of painted tower, and at some little distance, where it is said the father stood, when he shot the apple from his son's head, a public fountain

tain is erected, called Tell's fountain; on which is placed the frowning statue of this generous deliverer of his country. There must surely be some defect in the heart, which feels no enthusiastic glow, while we tread over the spots where those heroes have trod, who have struggled for the liberties of mankind, or bled for their rights. Yet one of that everlasting race of doubters, who wage an eternal war with all those sublime traditions, those heroical sacrifices, and those deeds of greatness, which it is delightful to believe, has destroyed with a touch of his sterile pen all the bright images with which imagination peoples this scene of marvels, by asserting in a treatise, published thirty years since at Berne, that all the romantic feats of William Tell were in far remoter times performed by Toko, a Dane, against Harold, a king of Denmark, in the tenth century. This cold enquirer was probably not aware of all the disagreeable

able

able sensations, which would be felt by enthusiastic travellers, who had been worshipping the statue of Tell, when they were informed that their homage should be addressed to Toko. It is indeed pretended that there is an unfortunate co-incidence of circumstances in the narration of the Danish historian, with respect to the shooting at the apple, and the speech made to the tyrant. The sovereign council of Berne, however, ordered the book to be burnt, and I feel much inclined to excuse this coercive measure of those puissant Lords, since I cannot but share their resentment. Tell is in England, as well as Switzerland, the hero of our infancy ; the marvellous tale of the apple is one of our earliest lessons, and who can endure to give to Toko those trophies, which he has been taught from childhood were the rights of Tell ! The only circumstance in the Saxon's favor, or rather that of the author who cites him, is the mo-

deftly with which he delivers his doubts : had he lived in our days, he would, perhaps, have allegorized William Tell and Toko himself, with as little ceremony as M. Dupuis, and his less learned pupils in infidelity, have allegorized the most sacred characters of antiquity. The fantastic speculations of these later Pyrrhonists have indeed been treated with more severity than the fable of the Historian. The political infallibility of a sovereign council may perhaps be arraigned, and Rousseau suggests, “ that burning is not answering ;” but who shall raise up the whimsical tribe of Allegorists, crushed beneath the logical wit of the philosophical believer?

After leaving Altorf, we journeyed along a valley of three leagues, through which the Reufs flows with the ordinary rapidity of a Swiss river.

About

About six miles from Altorf, we passed by a chapel in a meadow; the façade of which was decorated with a highly coloured painting representing a stag-hunt, which appeared to be a singular ornament for a place of religious worship. We found upon inquiry, that this meadow was one of the places of general assembly, that it was called the Jag-Matt, or hunting meadow; and that on the day of St. Mark the whole country march to this chapel in procession.

The rocks, clothed at intervals with trees of various sorts, rose high and steep on each side of the valley, which wore a fertile and smiling appearance till we came to the village of Stag; above which the Alps first lift their majestic heads. Here we began to ascend that mass of mountains, which is rather the base than the mountain itself of St. Gothard. The road suddenly becomes so

steep, that it required at first some address to keep a seat on horseback. The river, which glided gently through the valley on its expanded bed, being now hemmed in by rocks, begins to struggle for its passage at a profound depth. The pine-clad hills rose on each side to our farthest ken, down which torrent streams were rushing, and crossed our way to mingle themselves with the Reufs, which continually presented new scenes of wonder. The mountains seemed to close upon us as we advanced, sometimes but just space enough was left to admit the passage of the river foaming through the rocks, which seem obstinately to oppose its passage. The road lay for a considerable length on the left side of the precipices, from which we beheld the struggles of the waters, and the tremendous succession of cascades which they formed—an abrupt precipice, forbidding the continuance of the road on this side. A bridge of hardy construction

tion led to the opposite mountain, which is ascended, till meeting with a similar obstruction, we crossed the stream again to the left.

On one of these bridges, we halted to gaze upon the scene around us, and the yawning gulph below. The depth is so tremendous, that the first emotion, in looking over the bridge, is that of terror, lest the side should fall away and plunge you into the dark abyfs; and it requires some reflection to calm the painful turbulence of surprise, and leave the mind the full indulgence of the sensations of solemn enthusiastic delight which swell the heart, while we contemplate such stupendous objects.

The name of this bridge, in the language of the country, is the Priest's leap; whether the holy man leapt over the gulph, or into it, is not remembered, but it is difficult to

hear the story on the spot without an involuntary shudder, or fancy yourself in perfect security.

“ The very place puts toys of desperation,

“ Without more motive, into every brain,

“ That looks so many fathoms to the gulph,

“ And hears it roar beneath.”

SHAKESPEAR.

The road up to the village of Wassen is highly romantic : here the industry of men has tamed some of those wild torrents, of which such numbers run idly to waste ; and sawing mills and other machinery owe their impulse to those swiftly descending volumes. In this village we halted to repose from our fatigues, and began to feel some of the mountain breezes which contrasted very agreeably with the concentrated heat that had subdued us in the valley beneath. It was Sunday, the day was fine, and the village was crouded with the mountaineers.

taineers who had come in to keep the festival, and practise, as they do every week in some village of the Canton, the art of shooting at a mark, which, independent of the amusement, is a duty imposed on every citizen, who, under the inspection of a magistrate, is obliged in the course of the year to fire a certain number of rounds, that he may keep his arms in order, and not forget the means of defending his country in case of invasion. We could yet see no traces of snow, except in the numerous torrents which rolled down the enormous mountains, the streams of which were considerably increased from a cause that in less mountainous countries would have produced an opposite effect, the excessive heat and dryness of the weather, which melted the snows of the Glaciers.

The views around Wassen are astonishing for their variety as well as beauty. You

perceive, however, after passing the village, that you are advancing into a country where man is obliged to be continually at war with nature. On one side the mountain was stripped of its piny cloathing to some extent, discovering, instead of dark green foliage, a bare rocky and gravelly waste, interspersed with wrecks of trees. This, we were told, was the ravage of an avalanche. When whole forests of majestic height are swept away with irresistible fury, what means of defence can human force oppose to such mighty destruction? Men, however, live tranquilly amidst the danger, and build their houses in such positions, and after such a construction, that the enemy, even if he chances to take the direction of their habitations, may pass over them unhurt.

Rocks, for the most part, are made their allies against these invasions from the snowy
moun-

mountains; but even rocks, coeval with time, often yield to the terrible devastation. As we advanced, the country, which had hitherto presented scenes of blended grace and majesty, began to assume an aspect of savage wildness and terror. A few habitations and green spots amidst these deserts, gave still some relief to the piece; but after passing the little village of Gestinen, and the torrent of the Meyn which crosses the road to increase the waters of the Reufs, all is tremendous and awful. Here no pines wave their lofty heads, no mountain shrubs display their simple flowrets, nor does even a blade of weed betray the possibility of existence to any thing that breathes.

It was now the most luxuriant part of summer; we had left the glowing harvests beneath ripe for the sickle, and the fruits at two or three leagues distance hung in lavish clusters upon the bough; but in this region

region it not only was winter, but a winter that seemed here to have fixed its eternal abode; for not only were there no traces of renovation to inspire hope, but the impossibility of change was every where obdurately marked. Immense piles of naked rock, not less lofty than the mountains along which we passed, rose sometimes perpendicularly above our heads, and sometimes falling back, left between the road and their horrid tops immense masses that seemed shivered from their sides, forming vast fields of rock.

This passage, which in summer is sufficiently terrific, becomes dangerous in winter, by the frequent avalanches that rush from those tremendous heights; and so delicately are these messengers of destruction hung on the summits, that the guides and mule-drivers tye up the bells of their cattle to prevent the gingling, and forbid a word
to

to be spoken by the passengers, that the avalanche, which waits on the mountain to overwhelm them, may not hear them approach. Little crosses placed by the roadside where travellers have perished, are melancholy mementos of such mortal accidents, against which, however, precautions are taken, by firing muskets to shake the air and precipitate the impending avalanche. Huge fragments of rock sometimes present themselves as if they threatened to obstruct the way; and we remarked one enormous piece of beautiful granite that skirted the road, and is called the devil's stone, which, on account of some misunderstanding with the people of the country, he brought down from the mountain, to destroy some of the works he had himself formerly constructed.

If any superstition is pardonable, it is that of the inhabitants of this mountain,
and

and had the epic poets from Homer, down to our sublime Milton, seen this valley of Schellinen before they described their Tartarus or Pandemonium, they would have caught some new images of the savage and terrific, and their hells would have been habitations less desirable.

The devil of this country, however, cannot, in the estimation of the rude mountaineers, be the same malignant mischievous fiend which the inhabitants of plains and civilized countries make him, since, if he has chosen this chaos of nature for his habitation, he has not shut up his palace, like other stately monarchs, from the vulgar eye, but, on the contrary, has unfolded the recesses of his dwelling by opening ways, and building bridges, which the mountaineers believe none but himself could have constructed, and by which he has certainly “deserved well of the country.”

Nothing

Nothing can be imagined more bold and daring than the road that leads through the valley of Schellinen to the mountain of St. Gothard; the difficulties appear almost insurmountable; sometimes the road seems so narrow between frightful precipices on each side, that great blocks of granite are placed on the edges as safeguards to the passengers; and where the mountain forbids all possibility of passage, offering an impenetrable rampart by its vertical abruptness, the path juts out from the side supported by arches and pillars, which are built up from some salient points of the mass beneath, and seems “a ridge of pendant rock over the vexed abyfs.”

This road, the breadth of which differs according to the facility of construction, is in some places from twelve to fifteen feet wide, and in others only ten, leaving in general space enough for loaded mules to pass

pass each other; it is paved the greatest part of the way with granite, and is compared, by Mr. Raymond, to a ribband thrown negligently over the mountains.

After winding for some time among these awful scenes, of which no painting can give an adequate description, and of which an imagination the most pregnant in sublime horrors could form but a very imperfect idea, we came within the sound of these cataracts of the Reufs which announced our approach towards another operation of Satanic power, called the Devil's Bridge. We were more struck with the august drapery of this supernatural work, than with the work itself. It seemed less marvellous than expectation had pictured it, and we were perhaps the more disappointed, as we remembered that "the wonderful art pontifical" was a part of architecture with which his infernal majesty was perfectly

fectly well acquainted; and the rocks of the valley of Schellinen were certainly as solid foundations for bridge-building as “the aggregated soil, solid or slimy,” which was collected amidst the waste of chaos, and crowded drove “from each side shoaling towards the mouth of hell*.”

On this spot we loitered for some time to contemplate the stupendous and terrific scenery. The mountainous rocks lifted their heads abrupt, and appeared to fix the limits of our progress at this point, unless we could climb the mighty torrent which was struggling impetuously for passage under our feet, after precipitating its afflicted waters with tremendous roar in successive cascades over the disjointed rocks, and filling the atmosphere with its foam.

Separating ourselves with reluctance from

* Paradise Lost, Book x.

these

these objects of overwhelming greatness, we turned an angle of the mountain at the end of the bridge, and proceeded along a way of difficult ascent, which led to a rock, that seemed inflexibly to bar our passage. A bridge fastened to this rock, by iron work, and suspended over the torrent, was formerly the only means of passing, but numerous accidents led the government to seek another outlet. The rock being too high to climb, and too weighty to remove, the engineer took the middle way, and bored a hole in the solid mass two hundred feet long, and about ten or twelve feet broad and high, through which he carried the road. The entrance into this subterraneous passage is almost dark, and the little light that penetrates through a crevice in the rock, serves only to make its obscurity more visible. Filled with powerful images of the terrible and sublime, from the enormous objects which I had been contemplating

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ing for some hours past, objects, the forms of which were new to my imagination, it was not without a feeling of reluctance that I plunged into this scene of night, whose thick gloom heightened every sensation of terror.

After passing through this cavern, the view which suddenly unfolded itself appeared rather a gay illusion of the fancy than real nature. No magical wand was ever fabled to shift more instantaneously the scene, or call up forms of more striking contrast to those on which we had gazed. On the other side of the cavern we seemed amidst the chaos or the overthrow of nature; on this we beheld her drest in all the loveliness of infancy or renovation, with every charm of soft and tranquil beauty. The rugged and stony interstices between the mountain and the road were here changed into smooth and verdant paths; the abrupt

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precipice and shagged rock were metamorphosed into gently sloping declivities; the barren and monotonous desert was transformed into a fertile and smiling plain. The long resounding cataract, struggling through the huge masses of granite, here became a calm and limped current, gliding over fine beds of sand with gentle murmurs, as if reluctant to leave that enchanting abode.

Near the middle of this delicious valley, called the Vale of Urferen, is the village of In-der-Malt, which appeared to have been lately built: behind it was a small forest of pine trees, which are preserved with so much care as a rampart against the avalanches, that the sacred wood was not held more inviolate; and we were told, that the profanation of the axe on this palladium would be followed with the death of the sacrilegious offender.

One of my fellow travellers observed, that this valley, which is three miles in length, and two in breadth, had, according to every appearance, been originally a lake; for which he adduced many mineralogical reasons; and that the drying up of the lake was occasioned by some violent fraction at the bottom of the valley, which drained the water off from the land, leaving it in its present form. Every part of the valley bore marks of high cultivation, if that term can be applied to the culture of meadow lands, where we saw herds of cattle grazing. One production indeed, essentially necessary for a country so elevated, was wanting; although the day had been uncommonly beautiful and serene, and the sun shed its softest rays where we entered this valley, yet the snows on the higher mountains, and our feelings, when at the close of the evening we reached the village of the Hospital, at the opposite side of the valley, reminded us that the

most acceptable offering our host could make us was, one of those bundles of wood which the villagers are obliged to bring up with great labour and expence from the mountains beneath.

According to popular tradition, this valley was not always so unprovided with this article of first necessity: the mountaineers are persuaded that their hills were once covered with forests, but that some magician who dwelt higher up the mountain, or in some other place, less a paradise than their own, not only burnt their woods, but so bound the soil with potent spells, that it has ever since been incapable of producing trees. The magician could not have exhibited a more mischievous specimen of his art to the inhabitants of this valley. Time might indeed have repaired the conflagration, but what exorcism shall restore fertility to the enchanted soil! Some writers conjecture
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that the wood in this valley was consumed by accident; and that trees grew no more on the spot, because the winds which sweep irresistibly over the heights tear up the young plants before they can take root, being unsheltered by old trees. The greater part of the vallies of Switzerland, it is observed, wear the same appearance; the soil occasionally gives way; the trees on the higher ground lose their footing and slide down; those which grow beneath them being no longer sheltered are torn up by winds; and snow which then accumulates without opposition on the heights, where those forests stood, melting at the return of spring, overwhelms the hills with torrents, dragging away the vegetable earth, and leaving the mountain a skeleton, unfit for pasturage, or precipitating itself in the form of avalanches, destroys every thing in its course,

This valley is under the protection, or rather subject to the canton of Uri. It formerly made part of the Empire, but the Abbot of Disertis, in the Grisons, possessed various feignorial rights. The house of Austria disposed of its prefecture, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, to Henri de L'Hospital, a gentleman of Uri, from whom it was afterwards forcibly transferred, as historians tell us, to Conrad de Moos, another gentleman of the same country. The passage through this valley had often been the subject of contention. At one time the inhabitants, assisted by the Abbot, made war on their neighbours of Uri; at another, aided by their former opponents and two other neighbouring cantons, they crossed St. Gothard to fight with their present fellow subjects, the inhabitants of the Lavantine. Various other disputes having arisen between the inhabitants and the Abbot, which always terminated in bloodshed,

bloodshed, the people who had been indebted to their allies of Uri, for their assistance in the preservation of their liberties, succeeded in the beginning of the fifteenth century in a negociation with the canton, and relieved themselves for ever of the trouble of taking any farther care of their own privileges, by putting them under the direction of their more powerful neighbours; with a reserve, however, of municipal rights, such as the election of their magistrates, and the trial of civil and criminal causes, subject to the revision of the canton of Uri,

The valley contains two other villages, besides these already mentioned; and they are the highest social habitations in Europe. The ecclesiastical affairs of the valley are under the direction of the Bishop of Coire, nor has the late revolution interrupted this spiritual intercourse. Formerly the inhabitants

tants chose their priests subject to the confirmation of the bishop, and the Abbot of Disentis, but of late the administrator in holy things is a Capuchin of the canton.

CHAP. XII.

Top of St. Gothard.—Airolo.

WE passed the night at the village of Hospital, and the next morning pursued our journey, beginning from hence to ascend what is properly the mountain of St. Gothard. The scene no longer exhibited the savage horrors of the chaos we had traversed the preceding day; the road was neither extremely rapid or dangerous; every where we beheld vegetation, and the mountain myrtle, the white helebore, and other shrubs, indigenous to high regions, were in their bloom. The Reufs had now sunk into a rivulet, being no longer fed, as below, by the numerous streams that assemble their waters from the hills on each side Urseren; sometimes it presented a succession of fanciful

ful cascades, across which one might leap without apprehension, even if the foot should slip in the enterprise. We had been much affected during the night with cold, and concluded that we had more to suffer before we gained the summit; but exercise and the enlivening sun-beams banished a sensation so new, after having the preceding day felt the heats of July in the valley of Altorf.

We hitherto found that we had indulged a vain expectation of enjoying, from those lofty heights, vast and picturesque views of the countries beneath; since we had nearly attained what is called the top of St. Gothard, and had yet seen no object that was more remote than the distance of two leagues. If we looked forward, there appeared nothing but the mountain which we had to climb, and which, having ascended, was succeeded by another. When we looked
back,

back, the mountain we had left was the only object which presented itself, and on either side our view was confined by those wooded precipices, through which, the preceding morning, we had winded our way. Between Urseren and the summit of St. Gothard, amidst piles of rocks which seemed to forbid all ken beyond, we were, however, gratified with one of those bursts through an opening to the north, which displayed in rich succession the summits of all the mountains we had passed, and others at an immense distance, some gilded by sunshine, and some enveloped by clouds rolling like a troubled ocean far beneath.

Although the sun poured its noon-tide rays, we perceived that we were ascending into regions of frost, from the appearance, or rather the absence, of vegetation. The luxuriant pasture of the valley was succeeded by a coarse spiral grass, which now gave way

way to moss, or the bare rock, and a solitary and stunted shrub sometimes protruding itself, seemed to mark, not so much the barrenness of the soil, as the proscription of vegetable life.

We at length attained the summit of St. Gothard, and were saluted on our arrival at the convent by a courteous monk, who came out to welcome, and invite us to take refreshments. During three or four months in the year these Capuchins spend their time agreeably enough, and probably there is no spot half so far out of the reach of the habitable globe, where so much variety of amusement is to be found. Every successive guest has much to inquire or impart, and here above the world these hermits have many opportunities of witnessing the whimsies and follies with which it abounds. They informed us, that the day before our arrival a numerous retinue of horses, oxen,
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mules,

mules, and other cattle, had passed in the suite of a great man, whose carriage they had dragged, by his order, from the bottom of the mountain, that he might have the fame of crossing St. Gothard in a vehicle with wheels. As our countrymen are known to be the only travelling philosophers, who make experiments of this kind, the Monks had no difficulty in conjecturing on the approach of this long procession, that if it was not the Emperor, or the Burgo-master of Berne, the two greatest personages they had heard of, it must be an English Lord; and they were not mistaken in their conjecture; it proved to be an English Lord, who, for the reasons above-mentioned, had run the risk of breaking his neck in his mountain gig, over precipices, which he might have traversed without danger on horseback, or if he could not ride, in a litter. A tragical effect of this sort of temerity had happened some time before to another young English nobleman,

nobleman, who, although repeatedly warned by his tutors, that if he attempted to swim down the cataracts of the Rhine, near Rhin-felden, he would inevitably be dashed to pieces, made the fatal experiment, and perished with his companion on the rocks.

In the winter the intercourse of these fathers is confined chiefly to the muleteers, who, at all seasons, traverse these mountains in spite of snows and avalanches. Here the poor traveller, beaten by the tempests, finds repose and nourishment; nor do the Monks demand, even of the wealthy passenger, any recompence for the courtesies they bestow. Every thing that their house affords is set before him with cheerfulness; and he usually returns the hospitality, by leaving on his departure a piece of money under his plate, in order to provide for the relief of travellers, less fortunate than himself. But these pious fathers chiefly maintain this benevolent

nevolent establishment, by begging once a year through Switzerland for its support, and well would monastic orders have deserved of mankind, and a stronger force than the French revolution would it have required to destroy them, had they consecrated their lives and labors to works of similar usefulness, and thus become the benefactors instead of the burdens of society.

The name of Gothard was given to this mountain, according to historians, before the establishment of Christianity, from the Deity worshipped there, who was stiled, as the name imports, the God of the summit, or God over all: the canonization of the mountain did not take place till the twelfth century, when Pope Innocent the second made the mountain a saint, and, with Roman policy, chained the god of the vanquished faith to the car of Christian triumphs.

umphs. Lofty mountains are in scripture called the Mountains of God ; and although worship in high-places has been stigmatized as idolatry, yet surely, if the temple, which best delights the Supreme Being, be a temple not made with hands, that which next to the pure and innocent heart is most worthy of his sublimity are the summits of those everlasting mountains, the faint but nearest resemblance on earth of his unchangeableness and eternity.

On the top of St. Gothard, one of the most elevated mountains of Europe, we had once imagined the view into Italy on one side, and over Switzerland on the other, would reward all our toil ; but this platform so raised above the level of the earth, is only a deep valley, when compared with the lateral mountains, and skirting-piles of rock that bound the view to this desert, diversified only by the habitation of the
Capuchins,

Capuchins, and the adjoining lakes. Had we even been able to reach any of those rocky summits, which lie on either side, we should have perceived only a chaos of rocks and mountains beneath, with clouds floating at their bases, concealing the rest from our view, and cliffs above covered with untrodden snows; for we were not yet in the region of Glaciers; the eternal ice impended far beyond; and we were told that the mineralogists, or those who go in search of crystal, which is found in considerable quantities in those mountains, are the only persons who expose themselves to the danger of climbing these tremendous precipices. At a little distance from the Hospice, we passed three or four lakes, each about a quarter of a mile long, and of great depth. These lakes are the sources of the Reuss and the Tessino; one of those rivers joins the Po, and flows into the Adriatic, the other makes one of the hundred streams

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that swell the Rhine in its progress to the German ocean.

In our rambles near the convent, we saw the remains of a mighty avalanche, which had so fallen as to form a magnificent bridge over the torrent of the Tessino, the waters having hollowed it below in struggling for a passage; but its surface had yet resisted all the attacks of the summer sun beams, and seemed as if pleased with its new habitation, it had there fixed its abode for ever. We walked over this icy bridge to the other side of the torrent, and some of my fellow travellers amused themselves with a diversion not very common in the middle of July, that of throwing snow-balls at each other. The temperature of this mountain, the monk told us, was at times various, even in the same day; but more constant in general than in the region beneath. Sometimes the Italian zephyr came
over

over them with its genial influence, and conveyed a transient sensation of summer: sometimes they enjoyed clear sunshine on the summit, when travellers arrived from below drenched in rain; but it appeared from the good man's narrative, that we must make a winter's sojourn with him to form any adequate idea of the pelting of the pitiless storm during six or seven months of the year.

We bade adieu to this courteous monk, promising ourselves the satisfaction of spending a day with him on our return, and began to descend the mountain on the Italian side, which, though almost vertically steep, is rendered practicable by a well paved road, formed along the side of the mountain, and which, by its frequent returns, brings the traveller without much inconvenience to the base. Although the road was good, the declivity was too great

to admit of our trusting ourselves on horseback, especially as our horses had not been accustomed to travel through such mountainous countries. As we loitered down the steep, the mules we had left behind at the convent overtook us, and we admired the firmness with which they trod under their heavy burdens. Mean while a numerous caravan coming from Italy had begun to ascend the same precipice; and nothing could be more picturesque than the waving picture they presented, as they moved along the winding path.

I felt some apprehension, that the meeting of such a number of mules, with their sides distended by paniers or wine-casks, in so narrow a road, must be fatal at least to one division, which I expected to see tumbling down the precipice from the shock of the other; but these animals, as if conscious of the danger, creep to the utmost verge of the

the road on either side, and pass each other in long succession without the slightest touch.

After descending a considerable way, we turned to look back on the precipices we had passed. High in air, at a remote distance, we beheld the Tessino on the summit of the mountain, rushing as from the sky over the perpendicular rock. The eye, after losing it for a moment, again catches its daring torrent, rolling over a second precipice, now interrupted in its fall by jutting fragments, now struggling down a declivity of detached masses, broken into various channels. Awhile it vanishes behind the angles of the neighbouring mountains, then forcing its passage through a narrow confine of stupendous granite beneath, dilates and throws itself in one broad foaming sheet over the humbler rocks. Again lost, you see it no more, till it passes silently near the spot whence you gaze, in soft di-

vided streams, that at length, uniting, roll down in a long succession of regular cascades, but little elevated one above the other.

The country around, though barren from its height, wears all the smile of vegetation; the mountains are lofty and romantic, but less terrific as we descend; and so little dangerous are the precipices, that while we were winding along the road, some of our company amused themselves by climbing upon the summits that skirted it, and joined us at a bridge with various specimens of beautiful stones which they had picked up in their rambles. These mountains are rich mines for mineralogists. We had long physical disquisitions about quartz, mica, and schorl, which not being perfectly intelligible to me, I continued to gaze, with untired delight, on the scene around me, while these naturalists marched off to examine
whether

whether an adjoining mountain had most strata of white felt-spar or green granite. Without much knowledge, however, in the science of stones and rocks, the traveller cannot but observe with admiration the diversities of these inanimate objects as he passes along the road, which, in some places, is strewed with these variegated minerals, and becomes resplendent from the shivers of sparkling rock that are washed down by the streams from the summit of the mountain.

Half way between the convent and the first Italian village, is a bridge over the Tessino, which is swelled by a torrent that joins it from a neighbouring precipice, when the river, which for some time past had flowed tranquilly along, as if suddenly impelled by its new companion, re-assumes its character of wildness, and rushes in dis-

order over the rocks. Here vegetation again struggles into life; the under shrubs lift up their meek heads, the tufted rose of the Alps and the mountain-myrtle waste their sweetnesss on the desert scene, and dwarf larch-trees gracefully skirt the path. The rapid descent to the base of the mountain is highly picturesque: the verdant valley beneath, in which Airolo is placed, suddenly opened to us strewn with villages, and, when compared with the solitudes we had left, presented a large and beautiful prospect of human existence; while the gloomy grandeur of the forests of dark pines on one side, and the view across the valley of lesser mountains, whose last snows were dissolving in the summer ray on the other, form altogether a scene where sublimity and grace blend in solemn harmony.

We entered into the Levantine valley at

Airolo, which is a considerable village, or rather a small town at the foot of St. Gothard, handsomely built of stone, and the chief entrepot or warehouse for all goods that pass between this part of Switzerland and Italy.

The adventurous spirit of commerce, fearless of the hanging precipice, the falling avalanche, and the yawning gulph, first traced the daring path across this mountain, the highest, after Mont Blanc, in Europe, and has thus connected, by the soft ties of civilization, two countries, between which nature seemed to have placed an insurmountable barrier. A smart girl, the daughter of the innkeeper at Airolo, spoke of herself as one of the mountain savages, with an air so gracefully coquettish, and in such pure Italian, as convinced us that she would have been much mortified had we affected to credit her assertion. She reminded

minded me of an expression I had read in one of Rousseau's unpublished letters to the former Marchioness de C——, “that he had quitted Paris to go and civilize himself in the woods.”

CHAP. XIII.

*Valley of Levantine.—Torrents of the Tessino.—Har-
vest-home.*

AFTER leaving Airolo, we journeyed for some hours on a fine level road, which, from our late perpendicular travelling, we found a very agreeable relief. The Tessino partakes also of the gentleness of the plain, and being joined on its entrance into the valley by the torrents that flow from the Glaciers on the eastern side, which separate this country from the Haut Vallais, rolls along an ample river, and is still fed in its progress by tributary streams from the lofty mountains that divide the Levantine from the Grisons on one side, and the valleys of Locarno and Maggia on the other. The rushing of waters on our right as we passed

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along, led us to penetrate through a little grove of alder-trees to the river, where we beheld one of these torrents paying its homage to the Tefino, in a manner singularly graceful. Swelled by the heat on the upper mountains beyond its usual volume, it rolled impetuously down its narrow channel, and disdaining its accustomed barrier of a rock, by which divided into two streams it flowed on each side into the river; now rushing with a fuller tide of waters, it bounded over the obstacle which it could not displace, and mingled itself with the Tefino at an ample distance, after describing a lofty and beautifully feathered arch. The upper part of this valley is chiefly devoted to pasturage, but we found the peasants in some places drying their corn, which operation is performed by suspending the sheafs on long poles arranged horizontally above each other, and tyed to others that are stuck in the ground. There
was

was a lightness and grace in the rustic movements of these subject Italians, which their masters on the other side of St. Gothard had not yet acquired. At the distance of every quarter of a mile, in the nooks of mountains, and on the edge of precipices, the white spire lifts its stately head, and gives you, amidst scenes of savage wildness, a glimpse of civilization. Secluded amidst those alpine heights from the rest of mankind, religion seems to be the sole intellectual pleasure of the inhabitants of these deserts, and the slow sounds of the frequent bell that, amidst the clefts of the rocks, knolls to church, is heard with a soothing sensation by the musing traveller, flinging its soft vibrations on the mountain echoes.

The closing evening brought us to the house where a toll is received for passage, and which we found also a very pleasant and comfortable inn.

Having

Having accompanied the Tefino since our departure from Airolo, flowing sometimes on our right, and sometimes on our left, with a gentle and steady course; we supposed that the youthful spirit with which it had bounded over its native regions being now sobered, it would continue to pursue, with an even current, “the noiseless tenor of its way.” The loud roar of many waters, as we alighted from our horses at Dazio, led us to catch the last lingering shades of twilight, and follow those powerful sounds. Having advanced a few paces, we perceived that the spacious valley through which we had travelled, was abruptly closed by stupendous perpendicular rocks, that left no other opening than a narrow channel, with a space gained from it by human industry to form a road between its massy walls and the torrent. The waters which had begun to struggle for passage above a bridge which is thrown across the stream, were

were now tortured into a thousand forms. Here a mass of rock of enormous size in the midst of the channel raised the river at once from its bed, pouring it impetuously into a deep basin with tremendous roar; there a rifted cleft, the only outlet to the waters, increased their fury, and dashing against the rocks with redoubled force, broke the torrent into different currents, and filled the atmosphere with particles of its foam. The enormous masses of rock sometimes lifted erect their bold and savage shapes, and sometimes, where they had been hollowed out to form the road, towered at an immense height over the path and the torrent with such threatening aspect, that I could not pass beneath without feeling an involuntary shudder, which was heightened by the approaching darkness. Below the frowning brow of the rocks, hanging groves of pine and fir bend majestically from the cliffs, while the graceful larch-tree decorates the banks,

banks, and the weeping birch bends far over the stream, and mingles its long branches with the agitated waters. The rapidity of the descent is communicated to the river, and a succession of sweeping cascades, that rush in every imaginary form down a channel, worn at a fearful depth below the level of the road, leads to a bridge which seemed hung in air over the gulph, but of which we could only catch an imperfect glimpse, since the last shades of evening had now fallen on the scene, and we trod back our steps up the winding brink of the torrent, not without the deepest impressions of awe softened by admiration.

On our return we found Dazio the residence of mirth and gaiety. It was the harvest home of the master of the inn, and, as we passed to our apartments, a chorus met our ear that seemed to burst from some throats more tuneful than those of peasants.

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With the licence allowed to travellers, we joined the festive throng, and were not a little amused with the manner in which this harmonious circle was composed. The chief of the band, and most illustrious of the guests, were half a dozen merry Italian priests, who, it was evident, from their rubicund faces and sparkling looks, had been consulting other poets than those whose hymns were to be found in their breviaries or mass books. Great allowances must be made for national customs, but the appearance of so many holy men thrilling out amorous love songs, and chanting bacchanalian glees, although with voices harmoniously tuned, and considerable force of execution, did not a little surprise us, who were accustomed to the gravity and reserve of the clerical character in other countries. We were, however, led to suppose that these priests had not overstepped the bounds here allowed to their profession, from the

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delighted

delighted and respectful attention with which the rustics around listened to their melody; nor is it probable they would have indulged themselves in this gay demeanor, at the risk of exciting a sentiment of irreverence towards their persons.

In the morning we went to take another view of this region of nature's marvels; day-light had diminished something of its terror, and we surveyed its savage graces with renewed astonishment and rapture; the rocky fragments now glittered in the sun, and the deep blue Italian sky spread its lovely canopy over this scene of lavish beauty. After passing the aerial bridge, of which we had caught a distant glimpse the preceding evening, we journeyed down a steep but well-constructed road on the edge of the Tessino, which rolled along its narrow bed, if not with all the daring boldness of its mountain course, at least with sufficient

sufficient turbulence to seize the delighted attention, while the unwearied eye alternately wandered from the rapid waters to the picturesque drapery of their banks.

As we proceeded, the valley extended itself in breadth, and admitted of various kinds of cultivation, amongst which we remarked that of the purple vines, beneath whose broad leaves and pendant clusters, dropping from festoons arched over our heads as we passed along the road, we found relief from the parching heat of the mid-day sun, while we looked up to the snowy mountains which bounded this scene of summer, with a feeling of something like regret that we were out of the reach of their frigid influence.

CHAP. XIV.

Government of the Levantine Valley.

THE Levantine Valley contains several well-built villages, and the number of inhabitants, who are all Italians, is computed at about twelve thousand. They have in general a look of intelligence, and something of mountain-independence in their manner; but are under complete subjection to the democracy of the canton of Uri. The valley is divided into eight vicinanze or districts, about a league each in extent. The village of Faido, which is situated in the midst of the Valley, is the residence of the bailiff or governor, who is elected to this office by the canton of Uri, or who, rather agreeably to the established mode of election in these democracies, purchases the place of his fellow citizens, who know too well the value

value of money not to make a good bargain of their rights. Once in four years the inhabitants of this Valley behold the cortege of their new sovereign descending from St. Gothard, perhaps with somewhat of the same sensations as the defenceless timid bird views the downward flight of the pouncing hawk, darting on his prey.

These rustic monarchs of Uri, in coming to govern a people, of whose language, manners and customs they are ignorant, do not appear to be animated by the ambition, which led Cæsar to wish rather to be the first man in a village than the second at Rome. They have more solid views than those of power; that of replenishing their treasury, exhausted in rewards to their brother sovereigns for their free suffrages; and no sooner are they installed at *Barataria*, than fines, exactions, and rapacities of every kind follow in their train, and every resist-

ance to lawful authority meets with condign punishment: as the history of each of these subject vallies can tell, the hearts of whose inhabitants have sometimes swelled beyond endurance at the extortion of their harpy governors.

The people of the Valley revolted against their sovereign of Uri in the beginning of this century, and obtained certain privileges, which their descendants, by another revolt, thirty or forty years since, have imprudently forfeited. Stung into disobedience by some act of proconsular tyranny, they took up arms against their sovereign, and put themselves into a most open and daring insurrection. The canton of Schweitz had, on a former occasion, undertaken to reduce the insurgents, and had succeeded; but the present rebellion bore symptoms so alarming, that the whole of the cantons armed to bring the Valley to obedience. Agreeably
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to the maxims of most governments, that the governors are always in the right, and the governed in the wrong, no canton can interfere in any disputes between the sovereign and the subjects, unless to punish the presumption of the latter.

The whole Helvetic body felt the cause of the sovereign of Uri to be their own, and with heart and hand, with an alacrity worthy of the cause, coalesced together to put a decisive stop to such heretical and dangerous pretensions. Had the rebels only had to contend with their masters of Uri, it is possible they might have shaken their authority; but when the insurgents beheld the cohorts of every regular government in Switzerland pouring down from the mountains in warlike array; heard the loud blast of their trumpets, repeated by a thousand echoes amidst their cliffs and rocks; saw terror in the van, and annihilation in the rear;

they very prudently gave up a contest, which must have ended in their utter destruction.

The grievances of the insurgents were redressed in the mode that might rationally be expected: their form of government, and all their laws were abolished, and they were deprived of every privilege, municipal, civil, and judicial: the use of arms, to which every Swiss is accustomed, however low his rank in the scale of society, was strictly forbidden, and this sage precaution has perpetuated their dominion, by destroying, not only the means, but the knowledge of resistance, since he who never handles arms must remain ignorant of the exercise,

Thus the former subjects of the Levantine Valley became the unresisting slaves of their citizen sovereigns, and the bailiff of Uri is now their sole administrator, law-giver

giver and judge. No one indeed can dispute the right of this canton, and its allies, to reduce these rebels to obedience, since the charter of their servitude is clearly established by every document of history. In ancient times they were probably, like other mountaineers, wild, and free; but in the twelfth century the country belonged to bishops, then to the chapter of Milan; and in the fourteenth century Charles the Fourth mortgaged his imperial prefecture for a trifling sum to Conrad or John Moos; the same personage, who had before monopolized the prefecture of Urseren. The cantons of Milan, to rid themselves of the fatigues of government, gave up their ecclesiastical titles to their duke; by whom they were transmitted in the middle of the fifteenth century, on what conditions we know not, to the canton of Uri, who have ever since prudently kept possession. It therefore clearly appears, that whether governed

verned by bishops, emperors, chapters, canons, John Moos, dukes, or democrats, the inhabitants of the Levantine have always, since the twelfth century, been either subjects or serfs.

While the canton of Uri takes care of the civil concerns of the inhabitants of this Valley, the archbishop of Milan administers to their spiritual necessities: being judge in all ecclesiastical disputes, with the privilege of placing his vicar general as rector in the seminary at Faïdo. Now, as the Archbishop of Milan, under every political change, preserves the sanctity of his character, he must no doubt continue archbishop, whether it be as Pontiff under the Emperor of Germany, or as simple citizen of the Cisalpine Republic. Whatever degree of fraternity, therefore, may in future exist between this Republic, and that of Uri, it is to be presumed, that no slight care will be taken by
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the latter to prevent the admission of those principles, which have found their way into Lombardy, since if ever these principles should overleap their present geographical boundary, and become points of conscience with the subjects of the Valley, the canton of Uri will perhaps in vain apply to this republican archbishop to anathematize their disobedience.

CHAP. XV.

Government of the Canton of Uri.—Origin of Swiss Freedom.

HAVING traced this short sketch of the manner in which the democratic cantons of Switzerland govern their subjects, it will perhaps be proper to relate, in a few words, the manner in which they govern themselves.

The government of the cantons of Uri, Schweitz, and Unterwalden, is said to be democratic. These states were once, like other parts of Switzerland, dependent on the empire, and whether they were deemed from their situation not worth the labour of conquest, or were comprehended in that policy which engaged the princes of the

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empire

empire to grant special immunities to various cities and districts, the inhabitants of these wild countries enjoyed the privilege of chusing their own magistrates, and being governed by their own laws. This liberty, however, was sometimes restrained by the presence of an emperor's, bailiff, who resided amongst them as supreme judge in criminal cases, and possessed other imperial prerogatives. From some neglect of those governors, it happened that the cantons were often left to their own administration, and in one of these intervals we find, from history, they united together in the beginning of the twelfth century, in defence of their rights, against the unjust attacks of the monks of the famous Abbey of Einsiedlen. In vain did civil power come in aid of ecclesiastical thunders. Neither the ban of the empire, nor the excommunication of the church, could shake, even in those ages of darkness and servitude, the intrepid minds
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of these mountaineers; and their resistance to the monks, the emperor, and the church, was, after a struggle of thirty or forty years, crowned with success. Their leagues, offensive or defensive, with each other, could not, however, preserve their independence. In spite of their petitions and remonstrances, Rodolphe, Count of Hapsbourg, was sent in the beginning of the thirteenth century, by the Emperor, Otho the Fourth, as imperial prefect; and it appears, from the good understanding between these cantons, and the successor of the emperor, Frederick the Second, that their chains were not worn with an ill grace, nor was their assistance to him in his Italian wars less cheerfully given from his being then under the sentence of papal excommunication.

The death of this emperor, in the middle of the thirteenth century, having thrown the empire into long confusion, the inhabitants

tants of these cantons, instead of taking advantage of the troubles, and regaining their late short-lived independence, chose for their captain-general, defender, or governor, another Rodolphe, count of Hapsbourg. It appears, however, that the Count performed essential services to these cantons, and when he was named to the purple, confirmed or bestowed on them various privileges; but during the reign of his ambitious son, they obtained their independence. Albert had succeeded in bringing several adjoining cantons under his dominion; the town of Zurich alone resisted his solicitations and menaces, and was defended, in 1299, with valour and effect by the Abbess, who was governess of the town, and who disdained to submit to the House of Austria. Various were the expedients made use of by the new Emperor to engage the inhabitants of the three cantons to surrender their privileges, and purchase their tranquillity

quillity by obedience; and many were the outrages to which they had submitted from proconsular tyrants under the name of bailiffs, who were sent amongst them with as little ceremony, and with equal right, as their own officers of the same description are now deputed to regulate the concerns of their Levantine subjects. At length the three heroes, Slauffach, Furst, and Arnold, formed their renowned conspiracy against the tyrant, and on the first day of the year 1307, liberated their country, by seizing and sending out of their territory all their imperial governors. Their liberty was not obtained without a struggle; the battle of Morgarten, in which the Austrians were routed by an inconsiderable number of Swiss, brought on the confederation at Brunnen, and laid the foundation for the adhesion of the other cantons, which successively joined the alliance, and the spirit of freedom proved a more powerful barrier against

against the House of Austria, than even their rocks or their mountains.

Each canton, on the acquisition of its independence, chose its own form of government, and the three cantons who first freed themselves from the yoke, made choice of that in which the supreme power resides essentially in the people. Each individual who has attained the age of fourteen years, forms a member of the sovereignty, who meet every year on the first of May in a general council of the nation, in order to form laws and elect magistrates. The executive power is entrusted to a regency, who, under this annual salutary inspection, are no doubt careful to administer their government in such a manner, as to meet their representatives the ensuing year without the dread of censure.

The inhabitants of this canton are esteemed, by early historians, for the po-

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liteness and sincerity of their manners towards strangers; but the accounts given by later writers are very contradictory to this observation. Madame de Sillery, who, after her banishment from France, resided some months in one of these democratic cantons, asserts, that there is no other country in the world where strangers are so ill-treated. It is probable, however, that travellers in general would meet with more kindness than fell to the lot of Madame Sillery, who had acted too distinguished a part in the French Revolution to have any claims to a cordial reception in these cantons. We were ourselves warned to conceal carefully on our journey that we had any relation with France.

The truth is, that the inhabitants of the democratic cantons of Switzerland are under the dominion of a power far more absolute than that exercised by the privileged classes

s of the great cantons. This power is superstition, and with the aid of this mighty engine, which molds the passions at will, the priests have atchieved still more than the aristocracy, and have represented the French as apostates, that war not merely with earth, but with heaven. No other part of Switzerland is so unenlightened, and consequently so hostile to the spirit of true liberty, as these little cantons, where democracy and despotism march under the same banners; for although the government is democratic, the number of those who have a right to a seat in the general assembly is inconsiderable, compared with the numbers that are excluded.

It is computed by a late writer, that the population of the three cantons of Uri, Schwitz, and Unterwalden, with the democracies of Zug and Glaris, amount to no more than eighty-three thousand souls, and

furnish only twenty thousand active citizens; while the countries over which they hold sole or divided authority, contain a population of three hundred and thirty-seven thousand. The government, therefore, though democratic with respect to those individuals who make a part of the sovereignty, is to the unprivileged inhabitants of the cantons, and to its subjects in the bailiwicks, a confirmed hereditary aristocracy; and while in other countries the different classes of society are separated from each other by different habits, which makes the evil of subordination less felt here, where the reigning and the subject class are the equal companions of each others childhood, the latter must perceive with peculiar bitterness, as they approach to manhood, that they are destined to no share of the boasted liberty of their country; but that if born on the northern side of the mountain of St. Gothard, they are subjects,

jects, and if on the southern they are slaves.

Avarice, as well as superstition, has contributed to render the people of the little cantons hostile to the French Revolution, an event which has interrupted the interchange of those friendly courtesies which, before that period, passed between France and those cantons. We cannot be much surprised that the aristocratical cantons of Switzerland felt little sympathy in the establishment of French equality; but we might perhaps have expected more congenial sentiments in governments, the existence of which conveys a tacit approbation at least of the sovereignty of the people, till we are informed that France, while a monarchy, paid a tribute to these sovereigns, which the great cantons had indignantly rejected. Each male child of the three democratic cantons received from the day of its birth

fix livres annually, and the magistrates were paid in proportion. The exchange was fair, money for friendship. The French republicans have broken the treaty, no more money is paid, and no more friendship is returned; and these democrats are as much incensed at this violation of the compact, as if their own subjects had broken their allegiance.

It requires no great penetration to discover that the abuses which exist in these Swiss governments will be corrected, not so much perhaps from the struggles of the oppressed, as from the conviction in those who govern, how much it behoves their interest to loosen the reins of arbitrary power. The history of every country is full of examples how fatal to tyranny is the burst of the heart that swells against oppression. But without recurring to classic story, the Swiss have only to consult their own annals, when
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by the valorous feats of their immortal ancestors,

“Forth from his eyrie roused in dread

“The ravening eagle northward fled;”

COLLINS:

and they will probably reflect that the age of heroism is not past with that of chivalry; but that those who march in the steps of an Albert, may find in their path a Verner de Stauffaken, or a William Tell.

CHAP. XVI.

*Giornico. — Bellinzona. — Mount Cenave. — Lugano. —
Lake of Lugano.*

AFTER leaving the town of Faido, we continued our route along the valley, ever presenting some scene of wild, solemn, majestic beauty, over which the eye wandered with unwearied delight; of which the picture is indelibly graven on the imagination, and which memory recalls with soothing rapture; but when the pen would trace those images which glow upon the heart, it is found unfaithful to the purpose! How impossible to convey an adequate idea of those varied, those colossal regions, compared to which all other scenery is tame and diminutive, all other objects are “flat, stale, and unprofitable.”

The

The beautiful little town of Giornico, which we passed, is famous for a victory gained by the Swiss, the latter end of the fifteenth century, over one of the Sforzas, duke of Milan, who, discontented with the cession made of this valley by his ancestors, came to reconquer the territory. Some of the artillery taken in this engagement are here preserved as trophies. When we came to Pollezio, we were once more on even ground. This is the last district of the valley, and compared with the upper part, is of considerable breadth, bearing all the productions of flat countries. The Tessino increased by numerous streams, swelled by the torrent flowing from Monte Ucello, and no longer confined between beds of rocks that resist its impetuosity, frequently inundates the lower part of this valley, called Riviera, the Valley of the River, and which is marshy, and unwholesome.

Further

Further on, the waters of the Moesa, rushing in a cataract from the mountains of the Grisons, pour themselves into the Tesfino, which now rolls on with gentle course, a broad and ample river, till it forms the Lago Maggiore. We crossed the river of the Grisons, and entered on the territory of Bellinzone, and after passing through two or three pleasant villages, hid amidst the purple festoons, hanging from the trees ripe for the vintage, and which had a more picturesque appearance than the huge statues of St. Christopher, with which they were decorated by the piety of the inhabitants, we came within sight of the town.

Bellinzone is situated near the foot of Mount Cenere, and is also bounded by that chain of softened hills, which, ranged in wild disorder, separate the lower valley of the Levantine from the Swiss bailiwicks of Maggia and Locarno. Three castles, erect-
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ed on lofty heights, frown over the walls of the city, and are successively the residence of the bailiffs of the three democratic cantons of Uri, Schweiz, and Unterwalden, to which Bellinzone and its dependencies are subject. We had now entirely quitted every thing that was Swiss, except their dominion, and found a considerable change, not only in the manners, but in the physiognomy of the people. The women have here the fine expression of the Madona countenance; something of which had first struck us at Lucerne; and in the men, we observed the robust form of the mountaineer softened by a look of Italian civilization. We were also reminded of our approach to Italy, by a coarse imitation of its taste in the plaistered piazza, the gilt balcony, and the painted Corinthian pillars, with which the houses were decorated. The principal church, a building of fine construction, rich in ornaments, and a considerable

able

able number of religious edifices, give an air of dignity to the place. After reposing ourselves a short time at Bellinzone, we hastened to Lugano, being desirous to see the ceremony of the installation of the governor, which was to take place within a few days.

Our road to this town lay across Mount Cenere, the last of that chain of mountains, formerly called the Rhetian Alps, which divide the Grisons from the Valtaline, and other parts of Italy. Having travelled about a league along the valley on the south of Bellinzone, we began to climb the steep ascent of Mount Cenere; and as we journeyed in the mid-day sun, should have been much incommoded by the heat, had not the luxuriant branches of the chestnut, which grows to a prodigious size, and in the most lavish profusion on this mountain, spread a friendly shelter over our path.

The

The woods of Mount Cenere, we were told, were the haunts of robbers, who find a refuge from justice in their wild recesses, and also from this mountain being a frontier, of which the legal jurisdiction is uncertain. Its southern promontory stretching to the river, which joins the lakes of Lugano and Locarno, is so infested by serpents, that at this season of the year, neither men or cattle could approach it without danger. Half way up this mountain forest, we were presented with a noble view over the Lago Maggiore, the great lake, to Locarno, and saw in the back-ground the lofty mountains rising to Glaciers, which separate the Vallais from Italy. After a ride of three hours, having gained the summit, we began to descend into a lovely pastoral country, which opened to our view on the opposite side. The Alps were here softened into hills, which, when not covered with hanging woods, wore the appearance of

of the most smiling cultivation, and displayed in beautiful succession those varying groupes of picturesque objects with which the landscape painter delights to decorate his scene. Along this valley, called the Valley of Agano, runs a small rivulet, bearing away the last snows from the Gamoghera, which lifts high in the distance its pyramidal head, and is the central point of the frontier mountains, stretching in various directions from the Valteline, the Grisons, and the Italian bailiwicks: its summit, we were told, commands a magnificent view, not only over those mountainous regions, but which, piercing beyond them, extends as far as the city of Milan, the cathedral of which may be seen from that elevated point.

After a delicious ride through this romantic and peopled valley, we came in view of the lake and town of Lugano, where we
soon

soon arrived, and were informed that the august ceremony of the installation of the governor was to take place on the following day. In the mean time we found, that the magnificent and sovereign lords of the cantons, who visit on these occasions the chief seat of ultra-montaine jurisdiction, had taken possession of all the great apartments of the principal inn, where we had alighted, and where they were deliberating in full assembly on various weighty matters of government, and unravelling knotty points of civil and contentious concern, to the determination of which the ordinary knowledge of the municipal authorities of their jurisdiction was considered as incompetent or unsatisfactory. As this was not a part of the ceremony which appeared the most interesting, we hired a felucca in order to pass the remainder of the afternoon on the lake, and view its enchanting scenery. The lake, which is extremely irregular, forms

forms on that part, where the town is situated, a fine bay, along which, to a considerable extent, elegant villas and airy pavillions are profusely scattered, supported by light arcades, and long sweeps of Corinthian pillars, combining all the graceful proportions of Grecian architecture, with the enchanting drapery of the landscape. In the clumsy country-seats, belonging to no order whatever, on the other side of the Alps, we had seen art at war with nature, and deforming with the heavy mansion, and the stiff parterre, scenes, where every natural object bore the print of uncultivated beauty; and the only picturesque edifices we had beheld excited a gloomy emotion; such were the thick-walled Gothic castles, perched high on the tremendous cliffs, frowning with fullen aspect over the subject plain, and recalling the chearless images of feudal times. While the polished structures that decorate the lovely bay of

Lugano

Lugano present the fair images of Attic taste, together with the idea of that country, for ever dear to the lovers of the elegant arts, where, after the long night of barbarism, they once more revived to embellish with perennial flowers the path of life, and exalt our nature, while they bless our existence.

Those beautiful retreats, which adorn the bay, belong chiefly to wealthy and noble families of Milan*; many of whom, either preserved their original inheritance, or purchased lands in this bailiwick; and by

* One of the mansions, in the neighbourhood of Lugano, is inhabited by Madame Beccaria, the daughter of the illustrious Beccaria, who inherits from her father an understanding of the first class, and unites with the graces of person, and the most charming simplicity of manners, that independence of soul, and love of rational liberty, which is the characteristic of superior minds.

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acquiring

acquiring the right of citizenship in these privileged, though dependent districts, found a refuge from the civil disorders of their own country. Some of these summer mansions seem to impend over the lake, while others fall back gracefully behind luxuriant gardens, that descend in gentle slopes to the level of the waters. Those cultivated spots, perfuming the air with the fragrant blossoms of orange and lemon trees, together with the view of the first chain of hills above Lugano, covered with the vine, the almond, the fig, and the olive, convey to the English traveller the agreeable idea of a richer climate, and a more favoured sky. The frequent steeples lift their pointed heads amidst forests and hanging woods of variegated trees, and far in the back-ground huge and lofty mountains rising into Alps, part of which were capd with snows, seemed to frown with savage but impotent severity

rity on the glowing and fertile landscape, that circled the limpid lake beneath.

On the left of Lugano, the lake runs a considerable length beyond the Swiss territory, into the dominions of the Emperor, and the Valteline, of which we beheld the villages skirting the waters below projecting rocks.

Having landed on the shore opposite Lugano, where the mountains rise abrupt from the lake, shagged with rock and wood, we entered some of these oval retreats, which the inhabitants have formed under the shelter of excavated cliffs, for the preservation of their wines from the summer heats: some of the owners of those wines were on the spot, and cordially invited us to taste their delicious flavor and coolness. The sun setting over these hills, and furnishing the lake with its long reflected beams,

beams, warned us to return. We descended from the ridge of the mountain, where we had gone to view the flow of a playful torrent, and joined a musical fleet of Milanese ladies and gentlemen, who were sailing to Lugano to be present at the installation.

CHAP. XVII.

*Installation of the Bailiff of Lugano.—Italian Odes.—
Sail down the Lake.—Locarno.*

THE following day was ushered in by a concert of bells from every steeple in the town and neighbourhood. The streets were crowded with well-dressed people of both sexes, who had come from various parts of the country, and beyond the lake, to celebrate the gay festival. After breakfast the magnificent deputies of the laudable Helvetic Body marshalled themselves in order, and preceded by their heralds, standard-bearers, trumpeters, and other attendants, marched in procession up the hill to the great church of St. Lugano, where this solemn ceremony was to take place. There we found a numerous assemblage of

ladies and gentlemen dressed with elegance, some of whom had taken possession of the pulpit, reading-desk, and altar, and were listening with polite attention to the uncouth sounds which issued from the aisle below, and which must have seemed barbarous dissonance to the delicacy of an Italian ear. Those inharmonious accents proceeded from the lips of the Recorder of the bailiwick, or the clerk of the magnificent deputation, who was reading, in the Swiss language, to the new sovereign, the laws, customs, and regulations, by which he was to govern, during two years, the noble town and district of Lugano. For the benefit of those who were to be governed, and that no possibility of collusion might take place, the same engagement which the new governor had taken in German, he took afterwards in Italian. No sooner had this double act been properly administered, and the people once more secure in the possession

their governor, than the vaults of the church resounded with the cries of *Viva! Viva!* long live our gracious bailiff, and the most illustrious deputies of the magnificent cantons of Switzerland; to which affectionate exclamation, in the silver sounds of Italian, German responses were poured forth by the deputation, of long live the noble city and bailiwick of Lugano!

That the deputation, with cordial sincerity, should pray for long life and health to the noble town of Lugano, was perfectly natural; the motives to a reciprocal attachment, on the part of the bailiwick, are somewhat less evident.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century, Maximilian Sforza, Duke of Milan, made a donation of the territory of Lugano to the Swiss, for the aid they gave him in driving the French out of Italy, and which

was confirmed three years after by Francis the First, when he made peace with the cantons, whom he had defeated at the famous battle of Marignan. As the Swiss received the gift unincumbered with any conditions, such as privileges, rights, or immunities, in favour of the people, so they have religiously handed it down unchanged to their posterity. The power of the bailiff is almost unlimited. He is the representative and co-sovereign with the cantons, the fountain of all honor, power, and glory, sole judge in all civil and criminal matters, but assisted in his important functions by a syndical, a secretarial, a lieutenant-bailiff, and other officers, so that no complaint should exist among the people of a scarcity of persons to govern them.

The municipal regulations, however, of the towns and villages in the bailiwicks, are entrusted to persons chosen by the inhabitants,

bitants, but no laws are enacted that are not in perfect accord with the will of the sovereign, and submitted to his sanction,

The stated revenue of these bailiwicks is unfortunately not very considerable, and the emoluments of the bailiffs chiefly arise from speculations on the display of the worst passions of our nature, such as fines in criminal cases. Much cannot be said of the paternal protection given to that state, where the governors become rich in proportion as their subjects become wicked. Such sort of financial speculations, we were told, are too frequently to be found in the history of Swiss proconsular administration; the latitude of power being almost unbounded, and the love of money being proverbially the sin which most easily besets those sovereigns, it is not surprising that the merit of disinterestedness should be uncommon.

“The avidity of their governors,” we are informed by one of their apologists, “when it passes its *just* bounds, has been very often repressed by the syndictorial deputies, who are sent to regulate the accounts.” What are the *just* bounds of a Swiss bailiff’s avidity is not precisely marked, but there is reason to believe that it is not punished by these fraternal deputies with extreme severity,

The same author laments that the inhabitants of these bailiwicks are much addicted to chicane, and that frequent law-suits disturb the peace of families. This taste for legal contention is the more singular, as the disputants are deprived of one considerable pleasure in the controversy, which is, the knowledge of the language in which they contend, all civil causes being tried in German. The bailiffs, who in general are ignorant of the Italian, are always attended
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by interpreters; but who shall translate, for the benefit of the Italian client, the wordy war of German attornies?

Whatever grounds of complaint from proconsular rapacity might have existed in former times, we were happy to hear, amidst universal plaudits, of the return of the golden age under the administration of the most illustrious Signor Don Francesco Saverio Zeltner, counsellor and captain of artillery of the most excellent city and republic of Soleure, who now terminates his most upright government of captain regent of Lugano. The administration of this renewed governor was celebrated in odes, sonnets, and other poetical records, which were distributed in the church with great profusion at the close of the ceremonial. No Horace or Waller could string the lyre with fonder raptures to the glories of Augustus or Cromwell, than that which burst
from

from the poets of Lugano in praise of their immortal bailiff. The names of heroes who lived before Agamemnon have perished, we are told, in unknown night, because unsung by the sacred bard; but the name of Don Zeltner is proudly rescued from such vulgar oblivion. We shall pass over the eulogium of the tribe of poets by profession, to whom fiction is allowed as a matter of right, and shall only slightly mention the strains of the “Signor Abate Don Amatore Solari, proregent, professor extraordinary,” and enjoying numerous other titles, who had put a new string to his old discordant harp,

“Da nuovo plettro l’agitata corda,

“Tutte di Zeltner le virtù ricorda,

to record the train of Zeltner’s virtues; we shall not consider too deeply the sorrows of the noble fiscal Signor Don Pietro Frasca,
 doctor

doctor of both laws, who demands of his mournful muse, and not inelegantly—why, with dishevelled hair, she beats her snowy bosom, and who answers, by her sighs, striking on her lyre; “*fospiri all’ etra—Ma aimé ch ’ei parte*”—That Zeltner, the great hero is about to depart. Nor shall we dwell long on the everlasting ode of the thrice gallant Capuchin P. C. A. Griconi, who, while others are tuning the string to the praises of the illustrious Zeltner, is warbling, with no less harmony, the peerless accomplishments of the most lovely Signora Donna Orsola Zeltner, his wife: not forgetting, in the hurry of his pindarics, that the God of War had entrusted to the husband,

“*A te fulmini et falangi*

“*Marte affida,*”

his thunder and phalanxes; for which Signor Preloechi accounts in his Anacreontics,

tics, by assuring us, that Don Zeltner is not of mortal mould ;

“ Dal ciel costui discende

“ No che mortal non é ; ”

but that he came to Lugano, “ Dal Regno degli Dei,” from the empyrium of the Gods.

Poor is even praise like this, when compared with the poetical tribute, which the virtues of Zeltner have wrung from the brain of the venerable college of respectable and worshipful notaries of Lugano, the bankers, trustees, and attornies of every individual in the state; who overleaping the dull, precise, plodding forms of law, “ be it known to all men,” and “ by these presents,” strike the soft chords of poetic eulogy, and in lays appropriate to their professions, so far as their professions can sympathise with lays, pour forth a panegyric
on

on the rare disinterestedness and exalted worth of Capt. Zeltner.

“ When Alexander” sing these tuneful notaries, “ when Alexander returned from the vanquished Euphrates, loaded with gold to his native country, and followed by his armed hosts, sighs of sorrow broke forth from the bottom of his heart; the bones of Achilles, which he contemplated on his way, awoke the ungrateful recollection of the Achean trumpet, and excited frequent bursts of envy in the soul of the mighty conqueror. Thou,” that is, Don Zeltner, “ loaded not with rapacious spoils, but bending under the weight of honour alone, hast to fear no such interruption to thy joy, since thou hast already reached the goal to which no hero ever yet attained.”

And lest Soleure, in his return, should be wanting in grateful plaudits to this most illustrious

lustrious captain, these Heliconian attornies kindly communicate a spark of their celestial fire, and in bold personification introduce the city herself singing—"O, how art thou come back, invincible son, rich in honors, and adorned with *golden* glory! clemency and justice follow in thy train, and these are the proud trophies which attend thee on thy return. Never did the eastern shores witness so noble a triumph, or Athens, or Sparta, or any other city around, as I who hail this happy day, which gives me back the chief of immortal heroes. Thus," add these Bards of Lugano, "thus thy country sings, unknowing, Illustrious Zeltner, what car of triumph to prepare, or what choice garlands of flowers to weave around thy brow."

SONETO

SONETO I.

I.

Quand Alessandro dal domato Eufrate
 Al patrio suol carico d'or movea
 In mezzo ai plaufi de le schiere armate,
 Da bimo cor mesti sospir traea :

II.

L'ossa d'Achille nel cammin mirate
 Destato avieno de la tromba Achea
 L'ingrato rimembranza, onde più fiate
 Di bell' invidia il fier Campione ardea.

III.

Tu non di spoglie ma d'onor sol carico
 Alcun non temi d'affrontar cimento,
 Che d'ogni Eroe già superasti il vanto.

IV.

Quind, il Ceresio dolceempiendo incarco
 D'elletti carmi un vivo monumento,
 A tua virtude offre, e consacra intanto.

SONETO II.

I.

Oh qual ritorni, invitto Figlio a' tuoi
 Ricco d'onori, e d'aurea gloria adorno?
 Siegue Clemenza, e Aftrea il tuo ritorno,
 E teco porti alti trofei a noi.

II.

Non tal vidder trionfo i Lidi Eoi
 Ne Atene, o Sparta, o altra cittade intorno,
 Come or ti veggo in sì felice giorno;
 Andar fastosa tra i più degni Eroi.

III.

Così la patria dice: e non sa come
 Ne qual, Zeltner, illustre, a te prepari,
 Cocchio a trionfi tuoi, ferto alle chiome.

IV.

O d'almi Eroi città seconda, e chiari,
 Onora pur di sì gran Figlio il nome;
 Figlio, che tanto illustra i Patri Lari!

What

What were the distinguished acts of this ex-bailiff, which raised him in the songs of his enthusiastic admirers above Alexander, or what was the triumph he had merited, such as Athens or Sparta never witnessed, we were unable to discover. Zeltner, we understood from some of his brother deputies, was a respectable captain of artillery at Soleure, who, perchance, had never heard of the bones of Achilles, or the Achean trumpet, the imitative blast of which was now to convey his own name to immortality.

Amidst the crowd of Zeltner's virtues, one, however, appeared prominent; the burden of the song, stripped of its finery, was to celebrate his return from a rich bailiwick with a treasury empty or moderately garnished; and as

“ The Muse forbids the virtuous man to die,”

it is to be sincerely hoped that this remarkable instance of self-denial will not only consecrate his own name, but that future bailiffs will imitate this bright model, and immortalize their governments by affording such examples of disinterestedness, as shall encourage the poetical spirit among these tuneful Italians, who, feeling with our immortal bard, that

“ One good deed dying tongueless

“ Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that,”

will in future build the lofty rhyme to every successive bailiff, and be prodigal of praise, in proportion as their governors are sparing of property.

Having yet seen little more than that part of the lake which forms the bay, on which the town is situated, and invited by the beautiful prospect from the terrace of St. Lawrence, we left the noble company

at

at Lugano, in the full glow of mutual compliment and congratulation, to spend the remainder of the day in sailing along the shores. The lake about half way down divides into two branches, one of which leads to the village of Porto, and the other to the village called Capo di Lago, the Head of the Lake, to which we directed our course. It was the feast of St. Lawrence, and the whole country seemed animated on the occasion. After visiting some of the villages and churches in the neighbourhood, we returned to Capo di Lago, where a repast was prepared for us of fine trout, just fished from the lake by our boatman, who, guessing that we felt some admiration of grand scenery, had removed our table from the house, and spread it under the shade of a birch tree which hung over the edge of the waters. We had scarcely finished our frugal meal, when distant choral sounds, which came from the adjoining woods that skirted

the lake, stretch upon the ear, and we soon beheld a long line of priests descending in their sumptuous robes, preceded by the banners of religion, and followed by a procession of well-dressed villagers of every age and sex, who were chanting responses to the sacred hymn.

The philosophers are probably right, who declaim against the fatal interruptions to industry, from the frequent festivals in Catholic countries; yet we could not help perceiving, in the groupe before us, an air of satisfaction and happiness, which is the great end of toil and labour. Perhaps we were led to lay our philosophy aside, and observe the homage paid to St. Lawrence, with particular complacency, from the gratification afforded us, by the picturesque appearance of his votaries, winding down the mountain with tapers, banners, and crucifixes, singing the praises of their patron,

and

and furnishing a spectacle far more striking to the imagination, than the useful employments of the same class of people on the other side of the Alps, busied in felling the noble pine, planting hemp-feed, or hoeing tobacco,

The setting sun-beams had fallen upon the lake before we reimbarked, and were reflected in long columns of light upon its limpid waters, which were gently agitated by the soft evening breeze. We had sailed in the morning down the right side of the lake, and now returned to Lugano in the opposite direction along banks, where the dark rock sometimes rose abrupt, and bare from the water; but the gay larch that had struck root in its crevices, softened as it floated in the air the gloom of its shaggy brow: and sometimes the olive, and the fig-tree, though not objects of graceful

R 4 form,

form, contrasted agreeably the wildness of the scene.

In passing before the church of a village, placed at some little distance on the slope rising from the lake, and embosomed among trees, between two steep mountains, we were again saluted with sacred song. It was the Vespereal hymn, proceeding from female voices, flinging its sweet full cadence upon the breeze, and dying along the waters.

Our boatmen slackened their oars, and catching the fond enthusiasm, sung the chorus in tones far from inharmonious, and in which they were joined by passengers of their acquaintance, to whom, with some confidence in our good nature, they had given a place in our boat; while, at intervals, a small company, who were seated on the edge of the water to enjoy the evening

ing freshness, caught and prolonged the notes.

Twilight had spread all its doubtful shapes and mild gradations over the shadowy scene before we reached Lugano, where we found a numerous assemblage seated on the terrace, opening to the waters, or sipping lemonade in the cassinos: some were chanting songs, not in honour of St. Lawrence, but of their mistresses, and others forming musical or dancing parties in the adjoining pavilions; so that the magnificent high and mighty Lords, the Swiss burgeses, their sovereigns on the other side of the mountains, could not be more happy, with all their power and glory, than their Italian subjects of the charming regions around the lake of Lugano.

The town of Lugano is the seat of business as well as pleasure, being from the navigation

vigation of the lake, the chief entrepot of the commerce carried on between the northern part of Italy, and the countries beyond the Alps. There is also a printing establishment in this town, where the proprietor of a Gazette, called The Lugano Journal, has the boldness, under the rod of power, to record the political events of the times with truth and impartiality,

Having finished our excursions in the environs of this beautiful country, we returned in a more southerly direction over Mount Cenere, towards the Lago Maggiore. The view from the summit of the mountain, over the extensive lake, stretching to the Boromean Islands, and the fertile plains of Lombardy, is highly magnificent. Those far-famed islands, we were obliged, from political considerations, to leave unvisited, not without a sigh of regret on my part, that since Swiss territory extended so far beyond

yond its natural boundary the Alps, it had not repelled the limit of the Emperor's dominions a little farther. At the village of Meggedino, lying at the foot of Mount Cenere, we took a boat, and in two hours were conveyed across the lake to Locarno; which town is situated on its eastern side, and forms a picturesque object beneath steep mountains.

This bailiwick, about fifteen miles in length and breadth, abounding in pasturage, wines, and fruits, was given like Lugano to the Swiss cantons by the Duke of Milan.

On our landing, finding the streets a desert, we strayed through the town in search of its inhabitants, whom we found assembled in and around a church, preparing themselves for a solemn service, which was to take place the following day. We ram-
bled

bled through the town; parts of which are pleasant, but it wears upon the whole a dull and monastic appearance. If one may judge from the number of churches, priests, and convents, compared with the number of houses and inhabitants, there is no spot among these mountains, where a person may escape so entirely from the bustle of this world, and find so many guides to conduct him to another. The inhabitants, we were told, had lately been increased by a class of unfortunate French, whose prospects were then falling fast into the shade. We saw a number of them fauntering idly along the walks; and as all evils are relative, it was impossible to observe, without sympathy, those once gay and gallant nobles, wearing out life in the listless solitude of Locarno.

CHAP. XVIII.

A Storm on the Lake.—Return to Bellinzona.—Visit to a Convent.—Installation of the Bailiff of Bellinzona.

ONE of the inconveniences of travelling in mountainous countries, is the extreme capriciousness of the weather. Amidst those regions of storm, the unsheltered traveller feels the full blast as it comes fresh from the airy cavern; but no where is its violence so dangerous as on the lakes, which, enclosed between lofty mountains, receive the strong currents of the tempestuous winds in their struggle through the narrow spaces, and suddenly raise their troubled waters into foaming fury. The extreme heat of the weather had long prefigured a thunder storm; but although we saw clouds at a remote distance gathering on

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the summits, we had little apprehension on embarking, that we should feel their discharge before we reached the opposite shore.

Our boatmen, more experienced than ourselves, had warned my companions, as I was afterwards informed, that the breeze was on its way, and offered to return the following morning; but among my fellow travellers were three Englishmen, and the newspapers waited for them at Bellinzone. Storms, when weighed against newspapers, were found light in the balance, and the vessel was ordered to be got ready. We had nearly reached the middle of the lake, before the tempest, which we saw gathering thicker on the hills, began to agitate the waters. At first the lightning flashing in white fantastic streaks, and the lofty thunder echoing along the mountains, were objects of pleasing, though awful admiration; and we
were

were indulging ourselves with the hope, that the storm was passing away harmless, when a burst of wind struck on the lake, and threw the foaming waters into our bark. It was too late to return, since the wind rushing down the lake, which we were crossing, would have rendered retreat as difficult as going forward.

The storm increased every moment, and the boatmen attempted to make land at any point, but their efforts were ineffectual. Our progress was so slow in the struggle with the waves, that we feared night would overtake us before we could reach the shore; and every person in the boat becoming sensible of the danger, seized the oar, and relieved each other by turns.

After much terror on my part, and much labor on that of my fellow travellers, perhaps mingled with a wish, that they had
left

left Europe to its fate till the next morning, we reached a distant part of the shore, where sheltered from the tempest, which continued with unabated fury, we coasted it back, finding it impracticable to land, and arrived at Maggolino towards the close of the evening. We were still nine or ten miles distant from Bellinzone, and were harassed and fatigued; but an obstacle presented itself more insurmountable than the Gazettes to our remaining in this village, which was the want of every kind of accommodation, either of food or lodging. We recollected also, that we were at the foot of Mount Cenere, the haunt of robbers and assassins; and there was nothing in the looks of those we saw around us to inspire confidence. While we were deliberating what course we should pursue, undecided between the danger of remaining in this insulated spot, and the inconveniences we should suffer in braving the tempest, the ceasing of

of

of the rain decided us to go on to Bellinzone.

Unacquainted with the road, and afraid to ask a guide of the surly host, we had not proceeded far, when it became so dark, that we could perceive no object, but by the frequent flashes of lightning darting from the livid clouds, while sometimes the menacing roar of torrents, rushing fresh from the hills across our way, was unheard amidst loud bursts of thunder. We were almost in a situation of as much danger as on the lake, since we knew, that before we reached Bellinzone, we had a considerable stream to cross, and feared, that swelled by rains from the hills, it might have become impassable. In this perplexity, a friendly light appeared at a distance, which proceeded from the window of the Curé of a hamlet we were approaching. He invited us to enter, but we put his politeness to no

further test than requesting his interposition with some of his parishioners for a guide, which he immediately went to a neighbouring hut to procure, and under his auspices we reached, after midnight, Bellinzone and the journals.

Bellinzone, the joint property of the cantons of Uri, Schwitz, and Underwalden, was originally, like the other Italian bailiwicks, part of the hereditary possessions of the Duke of Milan. In the beginning of the fifteenth century the Barons of Misa, in the Grisons, who had won this territory from the Milanese, sold it to the cantons of Uri and Underwalden, together with the districts of Bolleny and Riviera, for two thousand four hundred florins. The Duke of Milan, desirous of regaining this part of his hereditary dominions, offered to pay the Swiss the money they had advanced, but feeling that they had made a good bargain
with

with the Barons of Saxe, they were not disposed to treat upon the same terms with the Duke of Milan, who, after much fruitless negociation for the purchase, concluded the affair by seizing on this important key to his states, which he took by surprise. All the cantons, except Berne, armed to avenge the outrage of thus possessing himself of a town which had been bought and paid for; but after a fierce struggle, the Swiss were obliged to relinquish the contest, and left, in the piles of bones that adorn the chapel of St. Paul, near Bellinzone, the scene of one of their most celebrated battles, a monument, not only of their heroic valour, but perhaps also of their folly, in passing their mountains to mingle in the quarrels of other states. After this severe lesson, the Swiss, convinced that no solid advantages could result from the conflict, however gloriously maintained, concluded a peace with the Duke of Milan in 1426, by which they

surrendered all their territory on the Italian side of the Alps, on condition of being allowed certain exclusive advantages in their commerce with the Milanese states, and receiving ten times the sum for which they had purchased Bellinzone. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, during the frequent revolutions in Lombardy, the inhabitants revolted, and placed themselves under the protection of the three cantons; Sforza, Duke of Milan, and Francis the First, gave up their respective claims, and the Swiss have ever since retained possession of this bailiwick.

Bellinzone is rich in fine churches dedicated to St. Peter, St. Stephen, St. Blaise, and St. Rock; here are also numerous convents of Augustines, Ursulines, and Recollects, which we visited under the auspices of a very intelligent and amiable emigrant priest. There was little to attract the notice

tice of travellers in these calm retreats of ignorance and devotion; though the good monk, who shewed us the treasures of his convent, situated beyond the German gate of Bellinzone, intreated we would consider, with attention, a picture hanging on the wall of a chapel, which he assured us was a piece of singular value, being a true copy of the Virgin, executed by one of the apostles, and which, having been lost in Turkey, was found stuck in the walls of a church at Rome, without the aid of any visible agent to transport it thither. He was proceeding with steadfast gravity, to give a large detail of the history for our edification, when he understood, by the blush which arose in the countenance of our more sagacious priest, for the honor of his religion, degraded by such fables, that the miracle was breathed into the ear of heretics.

We also visited the convent, or rather se-

minary, called the Residence, where we were received with the most cordial politeness by the superior, a man of erudition, with amiable manners and a much more agreeable countenance and figure than was necessary for a monk. In this seminary there are professors of the languages, of moral and natural philosophy, and a library, which, considering the scarcity of literature in this country, was very respectable. Young persons are boarded and educated for about twelve pounds a-year, and the children of the town and neighbourhood receive their education without any expence. This convent has been lately founded, for the building is scarcely finished, with a part of the superfluous wealth of the Abbey of Einselden; and happy would it have been if monastic wealth and influence had always been employed to such useful and beneficent purposes.

The superior, who has the title of prevot, has written a manual of education for the democratic cantons, of which he presented us with a copy. Admission to the interior of this convent is not allowed to females; and the exception in my favour was a privilege of no little distinction: some of the long galleries, at the end of which we passed, were, however, forbidden ground to a female foot, as I perceived, by the polite observation of the superior, that his jurisdiction extended only to certain parts of the house, one of which was his own private apartment, where we found not only books in great profusion, but hospitable refreshments of every kind.

The administration of this province, like those of Lugano and Locarno, is remitted every two years to a new bailiff. As this event was about to take place, we remained a few days longer, in order to observe whether the

Muses of Bellinzone twined laurels round their bailiff's brow with as lavish profusion as those of Lugano. The morning of this distinguished day was spent in marshalling such of the inhabitants and officers of state as were to go out to meet the new bailiff, and conduct him in procession to his new government. In the evening we beheld the august train, glittering in long gold-laced cloaks, mounted on fiery courfers, and preceded by trumpets, winding along the valley. On their approach within sight of the town, the cannon on the ramparts of the three castles fired alternately a long salute, the roar of which, re-echoing amidst the mountains in a vast variety of successive sounds, was by far the most interesting part of the ceremony.

The next morning, after the celebration of mass, the new bailiff was installed with nearly the same solemnity as at Lugano,

gano, with respect to form, but with less splendor as to the effect. Few appeared to feel any interest in the consecration, except those who were immediately concerned in the distribution of the power or the profits of this high dignity, the amount of which last, we understood, was inconsiderable, when the compliments were deducted that are paid by the new bailiff to his brother sovereigns on his nomination. Singular anecdotes are related of the frank and undisguised manner in which these matters are arranged at the place of election, and which display the character of "that fierce democracy" in no very proud point of view.

The knowledge of those histories is not lost on the people, and it is easy to perceive that they begin to regard their bailiffs rather as tax-gatherers, legalised to plunder them, than upright distributors of justice, the preservers of their prosperity and peace.

Of

Of the virtues or excellencies of the new governor nothing had yet transpired, but we were left in no uncertainty respecting those of the ex-bailiff, Don Francesco Aloisio Wirsch, of the illustrious Republic of Unterwald, and first captain of the Swiss regiment of Unterwald in Spain, in whose praises we found the bards of Bellinzona even more sublimely tuneful than the lyrics of Lugano. The poets laureat of Captain Zeltner had only raised him above Alexander, and made him merely equal to the gods, comparing the triumphs of Solenne to those of Athens and Sparta, and thus bounding our imagination to the heroes of Greece and Macedonia; but Captain Wirsch's poet, raised into more than Virgilian rapture, with "a master's hand and prophet's fire," thus strikes the immortal string:

Exult, break forth in songs—O, Unterwalden,

walden, for thy great son returns to his native shores—what an immortal splendor gracefully plays around him! alike only to himself, “none but himself can be his parallel.”—The Holy Virgin descending from heaven, the object of our adoration and worship, takes him by the hand, and bestows on him a profusion of tender careffes. O, Underwalden, after Wirsch, the object of our idolatry, send us another soul of celestial mold, for souls of celestial mold are the prolific produce of thy happy soil.

SONETO.

Efulta efulta ; alla tua Patria sponda
Fa ritorno Ondervald il tuo gran Figlio
Quanta luce immortal l' orna, e cirondo !
Solo a se stesso, e a null' altro il somiglio.

La Santa Diva, che dal Cielo nacque,
Cui s' ergano gli altari, e i templi anch' ella
Per mano il prese, e lo baciò piu volte.

Deh

Deh Ondesvald, dopo *Wirsch*, che tanto piacque

Un'altra pur ne manda anima bella

Mille bell' alme hai nel tuo grembo accolte.

Such is the style of panegyric, with which these subtle Italians attempt to soften the native hardness of their German bailiffs, and seek to wheedle succeeding governors into courteous behaviour, by persuading Mr. Zeltner, that he is equal to the gods, from whom he descended, and Mr. Wirsch, that he is like no one but himself, and the favorite of the Queen of Heaven. Had these sonnets proceeded from the pen of some comic rhymester, who chose to amuse himself at the expence of bailiffs, we should only smile at the pleasantries; but when we behold the various corporations of these provinces, ecclesiastical and civil, gravely presenting such abject and impious flattery, we scarcely know whether our indignation is most excited by the meanness that degrades

grades itself to offer this vile adulation, or the miserable vanity that stoops to receive it.

The conquered nations of Asia, we are told by the historians, were the first inventors of this servile mode of panegyric, and the governors of those provinces its first objects. The Roman proconsul, who departed a citizen from the free and equal seat of government, became at once a provincial divinity, with altars and sacrifices. We blush to hear Cicero requesting his brother Quintius to construct a temple to his fame, or increase the number of his statues. The subjects of Lugano soothe their conquerors by cheaper arts, the labors of the song. The principle of Swiss government in these bailiwicks, is, no doubt, contrary to every institution of liberty; yet as in some religions the conduct of their professors is often more humane than their creed, so in these

governors,

governors, if we do not find the wisdom and virtue of Cicero, or any other of his qualities, except his vanity, we are at least happy in meeting with no imitators of Verres or Geisler.

CHAP. XIX.

History of an Emigrant Family.

OUR excursions, in the neighbourhood of Bellinzone, had more than the charms of new and sublime scenery to imprint them on my memory: a moral interest has impressed them on my heart. There accident led me to the dwelling of Madame C——; and I cannot resist indulging myself by relating the incident, to which I owe the few short, but well-remembered hours, which were gilded by the charm of her society. I will not name the valley, where I found her, and by so doing expose her cottage to the prophane gaze of curiosity: but without discovering her abode, I may safely describe its situation; since in that romantic country, how many cottages are placed, like hers,
near

near the steep bank of a torrent stream, surrounded by luxuriant vegetation, veiled by festoons of vines, sheltered above by the hanging woods of fir and pine, and bounded far beyond by the bare rock, and the shining Glacier.

In one of our rambles, at some distance from Bellinzone, we ascended a mountain, the summit of which, we were told, commanded a prospect that would repay us for the toil. The path, however, we found, not merely steep, but so rugged, that before we had ascended half way, we were obliged to alight from our horses, and the evening being too far advanced to admit of our reaching the summit, and returning on foot, we agreed to walk down the mountain, and take a ride along the valley. The gentlemen, who were with me, led their horses, our guide had charge of mine, and I followed them down the narrow shadowy path,

path, sometimes loitering behind to gaze upon the wild and romantic character of the scene around me; sometimes pausing to catch the shifting lights amidst the rude foliage, till I lost sight of my fellow travellers, and soon after reached a spot where two paths met. I could not recollect by which we had mounted, and after some hesitation took the wrong path, hastening my pace, though the descent was difficult, in hopes of rejoining my fellow travellers. After descending a considerable time without meeting any human figure, or perceiving any human habitation, I reached at length the base of the mountain, where I found some scattered hamlets encircled with vineyards, and entered them in search of a guide. But the cottagers were at their labours in the valley, and these little dwellings were deserted of their inhabitants. The evening was now advancing, and Bellinzone was too distant to be reached on foot till

late in the night. Nor was the idea of a solitary walk in darkness agreeable, in a country often infested by banditti, who find a retreat amidst the wild haunts of Mount Cenere.

About a league from Bellinzone, we had been shewn the spot where a traveller was murdered a week before our arrival; and we had seen a picturesque promontory of the lovely Lake of Lugano, deformed by the hideous spectacle of two men hung in gibbets. The character of the lower order of people, amidst those mountains, had appeared to us somewhat savage; and although I should have felt myself perfectly safe under the shelter of a Swiss cottage, on the other side of the Alps, I had here no such persuasion of security. After some deliberation, I determined to wait near the cottages for the return of the labourers; and if my fellow travellers, who were doubtless in
search

search of me, did not arrive before that time, to hire an horse and guide to Bellinzone. I sat down on the fragment of a rock, musing on the singularity of my situation, when I heard the approach of footsteps, behind me, and turning my head, saw a lady and gentleman coming along a narrow path, which led to the spot where I was seated. I rose immediately, and advanced towards them, related my adventure, and asked their advice and assistance. The lady, taking my hand with a sweet smile, and a look of benevolence, told me how fortunate she considered herself in being able to render me any service. After making known her name, which denoted high nobility, this emigrant lady, for such she was, intreated me to allow her to conduct me to her cottage, which was within a few paces of the spot where we stood; but persuaded that my fellow travellers were in search of me, I preferred remaining

within sight of the road, and was anxious to lose no time in taking measures for returning to Bellinzone.

It was agreed, that a peasant of a neighbouring cottage, whom the lady told me she could safely recommend, should procure me an horse, and convey me to Bellinzone; the gentleman regretting that illness put it out of his power to conduct me himself; the truth of which assertion his pale countenance and emaciated figure sufficiently evinced. While we were arranging these matters, a little rosy-cheeked boy, of three years of age, who had been sporting up and down the mountain-path, as lightly as the playful chamois, came springing to his mamma, and announced the approach of strangers. A few minutes after my fellow travellers, who had re-ascended the mountain a considerable way in search of me, by a different path from that which I had taken,

taken, appeared: the horses were waiting in a little nook, at no great distance, and I hastily took leave of my new acquaintances, but not till the lady, who bade me farewell, with kind reluctance, had made me promise to return with my friends the next morning, to breakfast at her cottage.

During our ride home, and the whole of the evening, I could think and talk of nothing but the charming countenance of Madame de C——: I tried it by all the rules of Lavater, and was probably a better physiognomist than usual, having so lately heard the subject descanted with a master's art; for it is certain, that on this occasion, my judgment was unerring.

The next morning we set out to breakfast at the cottage: my spirits were exhilarated with the thoughts of visiting my new acquaintance, and I enjoyed more than

usually the beauties of the wild romantic valley, along which we rode, and which was gilded with gay sunshine. A torrent stream rolls noisily over its stony bed in the midst of this woody vale, which is rich with pasturage, and bounded on each side by lofty rocks and mountains; while that chain of Glaciers, from which the Rhine pours its source, lift their eternal snows in the distance, and cool the air in the valley.

Fragments of rock were strewed on the edge of our path, and on one spot the vestiges of an avalanche appeared in heaps of massy stones, mingled with the ruins of devastated cottages, and gave a savage wildness to the scene. Soon after crossing a light arched bridge, over-grown with lavish folds of ivy, we reached the mountain, at the foot of which was placed the vine-covered cottage of Madame C———: her sweet little boy stood at the door, watching
for

for our arrival. He danced with delight, while we dismounted; and the moment he could reach me, gracefully kissed my hand, which is one of the first things little French boys are taught to do, and then galloped away in search of his mamma.

The cottage, which was perfectly neat, contained a little plain furniture, two frames filled with ornamental work, a table heaped with drawings, and a small shelf, on which a few books were ranged. Madame de C—— received us with animated pleasure, and her husband expressed as much satisfaction as the languor of ill health seemed to admit. Victoire, a smart brown girl, whom on a Swiss mountain, or in any other remote region, where I had met her, I should immediately have recognized by a gracefully familiar ease of manner, tempered with the most profound respect, for a Parisian *fille de chambre*, prepared the break-

fast with a light elastic step, and a look of chearful alacrity.

Madame de C——'s conversation shed flowers over the repast; there was something like enchantment in finding in a rude hamlet, at the foot of savage rocks, and untrodden Glaciers, the most polished graces of intellectual culture; and united with a superior understanding, with a taste for all that is elegant in the arts, and an enthusiasm for all that is sublime in nature, that cordial warmth of manner, that fascinating frankness, when the soul seems to hang upon the lips, and the glowing expression of its sensibility exerts an irresistible influence over the hearts of others. Monf. de C——, an amiable and accomplished man, appeared to be in a state of dejection, which it cost him an effort to conceal, but which his wife was evidently at pains to cheer. After breakfast, Madame C—— proposed a walk
amidst

amidst some of the wildest haunts of that romantic region, where she told me she seldom met any human creature, and therefore considered that portion of the valley as her own territory.

Before we set out, Victoire, who seemed not a little anxious to know “my opinion of things in general” at Paris, was so extremely voluble in her inquiries, that I found it impossible for my answers to keep any pace with her questions. Victoire’s mind was fertile in suppositions, as well as inquiries; she supposed the monsters had, by this time, sown all the Tuilleries with potatoes, and dug up the houses as well as the cellars for salt-petre, and made all the women wear red caps; as if it was not bad enough to be forced to stick on a cockade, or be dragged to prison by those horrid *sans-culottes*, calling themselves Brutus and Aristides. She supposed too they still went
on

on with their saucy *tutoiment* and *citoyenne*, to the women—she did not know why the brutes dared to call her *citoyenne*, she, who had lived all her life at Versailles, and waited only on court ladies.

Victoire proceeded in her observations till I interrupted her by remarking, that she must no doubt find herself very happy at such a safe distance from Paris, among those fine mountains.—“Ah, Madame,” interrupted Victoire, “happy among the savages here, who can’t speak one word of French!—Oh, what I would sometimes give for a walk upon the Boulevards! I am so tired of rocks and snows!—if it was not for the pleasure of serving my dear lady, I believe I should go back and have my head cut off—for I’m too well known in Paris to escape—and yet, I must own the truth, I did all I could to make my lady come away; for certainly, when all the

the *haute noblesse* were gone, my lady, as I told her, was not made to stay behind—and, indeed,” added Victoire, “I was ashamed myself of being seen in Paris, for all the *femmes de chambres* of my acquaintance had emigrated an age before.” Upon the whole I observed, from Victoire’s conversation, that her wrath and indignation against the Jacobins was almost entirely confined to their *grossièreté*; as for their cruelty, that seemed to come within the pale of her forgiveness; but to put innocent people to death, and be *mal-bonnête, en outre*, she considered as quite unpardonable.

After a delightful ramble amidst the picturesque scenes of that wild country, Madame C—— and myself seated ourselves on a spot of turf, and left the rest of the company to extend their walk. Here, laying aside the tone of general conversation, Madame
de

de C—— related to me the particulars of her situation, which she probably saw I was anxious to know, more from a sentiment of sympathy, than a principle of curiosity. Nor should it be thought singular that she confided her story to a stranger; even an English woman, in that distant region, surrounded only by half-civilized mountaineers, would have felt confidence springing in her bosom towards a person who could understand and pity her feelings; but it required less than the solitude of Alpine mountains to have led Madame C—— to unfold her heart. The French are naturally communicative; they neither practise, nor comprehend, that reserve which belongs to the English character, and which sometimes has its source in delicacy, sometimes in pride.

Whatever the French feel or suffer, hope or fear is readily imparted to the whole circle

cle of their society ; even personal infirmities and mental defects, of which the possessor happens to be conscious, are all made known without hesitation ; poverty itself, which in England we are so careful to conceal, costs the French no such trouble ; nor have they any idea of enduring the smallest privation, in order to hide their circumstances or make a better appearance to the world.

But to return to Madame C——, who was the daughter of a nobleman of high rank, and who, at sixteen years of age, had married Monf. C——, by whom she was passionately beloved. That Madame C—— was beloved, I could very easily believe, while I discerned the graces of her mind, and beheld the fine expression of her countenance, from which sorrow, not time, for she was now only in her twenty-fourth year, had snatched the first fresh tints of beauty,

beauty, but had left an expression which blended a more tender sentiment with admiration. Monf. C——, who detested the principles of the revolution as cordially as most men of the same rank, was only prevented from emigrating when first that event took place, by the representations of his wife, whose more enlarged mind exulted in that change of system which she dared not openly applaud: she had often wept over the miseries of the oppressed people, and was more disposed to rejoice in the amelioration of solid substantial wretchedness, than to lament the ideal deprivations of greatness. After the memorable tenth of August, she had no longer power, however, to restrain her husband from emigrating, and considering it as her first duty to follow his fortunes, and share his destiny, she was only prevented from going with him by his desire that she should endeavour to preserve their property, by remaining in France till

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the counter-revolution arrived, which he was firmly persuaded was at no great distance. After making the tour of Switzerland, he crossed the Alps with a party of emigrants, and finding, that although the counter-revolution was on its way, its march was less rapid than he had expected, determined to wait for that event at Bellinzone. Not long after, that ferocious tyranny with its train of horrors, to which regal despotism was mild, and all its abuses light, established itself in France. Madame de C——'s correspondence became every day more difficult and dangerous, and at length the friend to whom his letters were addressed declared, that if this epistolary intercourse was continued, it would lead not only himself, but Madame C——, to the scaffold.

Deprived of all communication with her husband, and a melancholy witness of
crimes

crimes which she execrated, and of miseries which she deplored, she soon became herself involved in the general calamity. All the property of Mons. C—— was sequestered, and the seals were placed upon every apartment of his hotel, after a strict search had been made for Madame C——, who escaped imprisonment by having found a temporary shelter for herself and her little boy, in the house of her friend. This person, a man of sense and virtue, who, abhorrent of the sanguinary measures which then prevailed, had, from circumstances of a private nature, some influence with one high in power, and was ever ready to employ that influence for the purpose of doing good, or rather of averting evil, found means to snatch Madame C—— from danger, by obtaining passports for her and Victoire, as the wives of two Swiss traders, who had come to Paris upon affairs of commerce, and were returning to their own country.

Madame

Madame C——, after thanking her friend for life, since life was then included in the gift of a passport, set off in the diligence to Basil, with her little boy in her arms, and accompanied by Victoire.

During the journey Madame C—— had many alarms on account of the intemperate resentments of her waiting-woman, who, whenever any incident happened by which she was offended, was ready to betray all. Victoire was astonished that nobody found out that she was the *femme de chambre* of the lady of a *cordon rouge*, and was as angry at what she considered as disrespect, to use the words of Johnson, as “the Czar of Muscovy, when he passed through Sweden in disguise.” It required many a private lecture, during the route, from Madame C——, to make Victoire preserve the incognita; she longed to burst upon the impertinent fellow travellers, who greeted her

with *tu toi, citoyenne*, and *égalité*, with a detail of all the former splendour of her lady, a large portion of which she considered as reflected upon herself. She owned that she was dying to tell them, that they were not fit company for the anti-chamber, and that this was the first time she herself had ever travelled in a diligence. Madame C—— promised Victoire that she should tell all, and act the duchess if she pleased, when once they had passed the frontier, but conjured her in the mean time, if she valued her life, to be silent; this, however, did not prevent Victoire from declaring to an inn-keeper, who she thought had used too familiar a tone, that she would take care to prevent Monsieur from ever employing his house again; upon which she was heartily abused as the diligence drove off, and met with the usual Jacobin reproof for making use of that appellation, by being told that Monsieur was at Coblentz.

Madame

Madame C——, in spite of the imprudent fallies of her waiting-woman, and some inquiries in the artless accents of her little boy after his papa's coach and four, reached Basil in safety, where she had no sooner taken possession of an apartment at the inn, than Victoire endeavoured to compensate herself for the restraints of the journey, by bawling out her mistress's titles to every waiter in the house, and recounting, with extraordinary volubility, the indignities they had suffered on the road. Poor Victoire, however, met with far less sympathy than she expected, her mistress having, unfortunately for the effect of her harangues, stopped at the Three Kings, which is the resort of the French Republicans, instead of going to the Stork, which is supported by the French Emigrants, and where her tales of plebeian impertinence would have produced a becoming horror.

After one night's repose, Madame C—— having written to announce her arrival to her husband, and intreat him to meet her at Lucerne, immediately proceeded thither. Two days she waited impatiently at Lucerne without any tidings of Monf. C——, and fearing that her letter had miscarried, determined, without further delay, to cross the Alps, and joyfully surprize him by her appearance at Bellinzone. As she drew near that city her heart swelled with almost incontrollable emotion—her husband had, in some of his first letters to her, described the landscape so much in detail, that every object seemed to bring his image more vividly to her mind. As she passed over the bridge, about a mile from the town, and saw at a little distance on the right the Moesa and the Tessino mingling their streams together, she recollected his having told her, that often on the spot where their waters met he leant whole
hours

hours in melancholy musing over their blended currents. She gazed eagerly, as she approached the town, at the three frowning castles that crown the lofty hills, where successively reside the sovereign bailiffs of the subject valley in which Bellinzone is placed. Monf. C—— had climbed these hills, had traced the scene enclosed between their rocky heights, and stretching beyond the romantic valley leading to the Italian part of the Grison territory. Mad. C—— passed through the gates of Bellinzone, her heart throbbing with those overwhelming, those delicious sensations, which are felt when we expect, in a few short moments, again to behold the object of our dearest affections, after a separation embittered by the pangs of calamity, and the apprehensions of danger. Those delightful emotions flushed her cheek with the glow of animated hope, and bathed her eyes with those luxurious tears, which are the attribute of

tender happiness. Madame C——, with her little suite, rode up to the inn, where her husband lived at Bellinzone, and eagerly looked round as she dismounted, in hopes that her letters had by this time arrived, and that the trampling of the horses feet had led him to the door; for her heart told her how wakefully, had he been expected, she would have listened to every sound that could denote his approach, and how quickly she would have sprung to welcome him.

“Where is Monf. C——?” she inquired, with precipitation, not seeing him appear. Monf. C——, the people of the inn informed her, had left their house three months since.—“Where, where is he gone?” exclaimed Madame C——, her heart sickening with disappointment.—He was gone to Constance; but this was not all—he was gone with Madame ——,

who found Bellinzone too dull for a longer residence. Madame C——, without uttering another word, followed the inn-keeper into the house, but before she had reached the apartment allotted for her fell senseless on the ground: she was carried into her chamber, and laid upon a bed, where, on recovering, she found Victoire anxiously watching at her side. The unfortunate Madame C—— was only restored to a distracting sense of misery; of a species of misery, which her feeling heart was least able to sustain, that of being forsaken by him, whom she loved with the most tender, the most inviolable attachment.

Involved in the consequences of his emigration, she had been forced to bid a final adieu to her country; her country, which she believed would one day shake off the horrible tyranny under which it then groaned, and which she abandoned for ever with

regret; since she felt powerfully that local attachment, which a cold supercilious philosophy may call prejudice, but of which a mind of sensibility is ever strongly susceptible; in consequence of his emigration she had lost all chance of retaining that ample property, which was the splendid inheritance of her child: without sharing the intemperate violence of his political opinions, she had determined to share his misfortunes, and soften that eternal exile to which she flew with reluctance, but which had been his voluntary choice. To be forsaken by him, forsaken at the very moment when mutual confidence, and unshaken fidelity and attachment, were the dear sole refuge left against the storms of fate, was anguish insupportable. How keenly did her breaking heart feel the sentiment, which our divine poet has expressed—

“ Had

“ Had it pleased heaven
 “ To try me with affliction, had he rain’d
 “ All kinds of fores and shames on my bare head,
 “ Steep’d me in poverty to the very lips,
 “ Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
 “ I could have found in some place of my soul
 “ A drop of patience—
 “ But there, where I have garner’d up my heart,
 “ Where either I must live, or bear no life,
 “ ——— to be discarded thence!”—

Madame C—— knew too well the character of the lady, who was the companion of her husband’s flight, to doubt of his infidelity. Madame de —— was a Parisian lady of high rank, who had been distinguished in the ancient regime for the brilliancy of her coteries, and the number of her adorers. Exquisitely skilled in all those meretricious arts, which too often captivate the senses of the Lords of Creation, without leave of their reason, and even in opposition of all their better feelings, Madame de —— had for many years en-
 chained

chained in quick succession more captives than she could count at her triumphal car; had disturbed the peace of a great number of families; had broken the heart of many a tender female, from whom she had alienated the affections of a beloved husband, by those seductions which spread an alluring drapery over the form of vice, and render the simple charms of virtuous love insipid to the vitiated fancy. Madame de —— was publickly known to be a woman of gallantry, but this by no means prevented her being perfectly well received in the first circles of fashion, where she was certain to find many who rivalled her in licentious dispositions, but none who eclipsed her in Circean graces.

Though her youth was now past, her person was still attractive, and her gaiety and wit were inexhaustible. The revolution dissolved Madame de ——'s coteries,
disperfed

dispersed her adorers, transformed Paris into a new region, where the altars of pleasure were overthrown, where incense was offered at the shrine of a new goddess, and where Madame de ——— was stunned from morning till night with the enthusiastic acclamations of the vulgar, whom she had been accustomed to consider as only born for slavery and silence; and who now, lifting up their hoarse voices, for ever thundered in her ear from every quarter the sounds of liberty, and the rights of man.

The morning, after the first Federation, disgusted with that spectacle of happiness, and sickening at the recollection of those shouts of exultation, which arose in unison from half a million of assembled people, Madame de ——— ordered post-horses, and set out for London. Her chief solace in that capital consisted in amusing her former English acquaintances at Paris, by whom she

she was well received, with spiteful pleasantries upon the new order of things, fanciful definitions of liberty, and ludicrous sketches of the raw parti-coloured volunteers, who, since Madame de — drew their pictures, have scaled the Alps, and changed the face of Europe.

While that lady was enlivening the various tea-tables where she visited with well-turned epigrams on democracy, she was summoned by her friends to hasten instantly to France, in order to save her property from confiscation, and herself from being comprised in the law, which placed those persons on the fatal list of emigrants, who did not return within a stated time. Madame de —, however, with full confidence in her own powers of extricating herself from all scrapes, and overcoming all obstacles, loitered in London till the day of grace was past. She at length came to Paris, and opened

opened her career in that city, by playfully jesting in society, even with persons in authority, on the subject of her emigration, the events of the revolution, and her own patriotic principles. But the bloody arena of revolutionary government was at that time prepared, the victims were already marked, the horrid forms of death were about to be let loose, and Madame de ——'s *bons-mots*, which were delightful in the safe vicinity of Grosvenor square, appeared very nearly allied to madness in the neighbourhood of the square of the revolution: as the flowering foliage of the light shrub, which sports gracefully with the perfumed zephyrs in the sheltered valley, assumes a terrific character, when it waves over an Alpine precipice. Madame de —— finding, that under the fear of the guillotine, people were entirely insensible to wit; and at length being convinced, that all her witcheries and enchantments would be lost
upon

upon the fierce demagogues who were about to seize the reins of power, and that she was even in some danger of the scaffold, set off for Switzerland with a false passport, accompanied by a young nobleman, who had also procured one for the purpose of joining the army of Condé.

Madame de —— had not succeeded in saving her property from sequestration, and her purse was but lightly furnished when she left Paris; that of her fellow-traveller, however, was well filled, and Madame de —— was rich in spells so potent, that for her

“ The royal banner, and all quality,

“ Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war,”

were forgotten, till his purse became as vacant as her own, and she then suffered him to leave her at Bellinzone, and hasten to the army with funds scarcely sufficient
to

to pay the expences of his journey. During this interregnum in Madame de ——'s conquests, Monf. C——, in evil hour, arrived.

He was silent, dejected, and melancholy, which little suited Madame de ——'s taste, but he was in possession of a large sum of money, a circumstance which was not ill adapted to the state of her finances. Madame de —— soon transformed herself into a

“Pensive nun, devout and pure,

“Sober, steadfast, and demure.”

It was a considerable time before her artillery of wiles made any impression on Monf. C——; her pride became piqued, as well as her interest engaged, in atchieving this new conquest; and Monf. C——, after a siege of considerable length, was added to the number of her captives.

When

When her dominion was securely established, she insisted upon leaving the solitudes of Bellinzone, of which she had long been heartily weary, for the more congenial region of Constance, which, for dissipation and pleasure, vied with the Paris of former times; and where Monf. de C——'s purse furnished her with all the means of voluptuous luxury.

In the mean time, the unfortunate Madame C——, heedless of the remonstrances of her faithful Victoire, and indifferent to the innocent prattle and sweet caresses of her child, passed some weeks at Bellinzone in that situation of mind, when every care, every affection, and every thought, are absorbed in one deep, powerful, overwhelming sentiment of misery. She was roused from this inactive despondency by finding herself menaced with an evil which she had often pitied, but once had little chance of
ever

ever feeling; this evil was poverty; not that figurative poverty which pines in artificial want, but the last terrible extreme of real misery; misery which weighs with its deepest pressure on a mother's heart, when she hears the complaining voice of her child, and has no power to supply its necessities. Madame C—— had left France with a sum of money little more than sufficient to defray the expences of her journey; but she felt no anxiety on this account, as she was going to join her husband, who she knew was provided, at his departure, with funds which must still be more than sufficient to supply all present exigencies; and for the future she looked forward to the efforts of their friend in France, to rescue something from the wreck of their property.

Since her arrival at Bellinzone, she had thought little on the subject, for amidst the

first sharp pangs of wounded affection, the lacerated heart, only awake to one sensation, turns with disgust from all the cares, the anxieties, and views of ordinary life; the world seems one wide cheerless desert, and all that it contains, except the object we have lost, has no power to excite an emotion of pain or pleasure.

From this lethargy of despair Madame C—— was awakened, by Victoire telling her that she had heard that the inn at which they lived was extremely expensive. She immediately sent for her bill, though without much alarm, since her repasts had, she thought, been too simple to be costly. The amount of the bill, however, so far exceeded her expectation, that when it was paid, a few remaining livres and a few trinkets were the sole property she possessed. Madame C—— looked at her child, and felt that she had no moments to lose; she determined

terminated to leave the inn immediately, and Victoire, after some research, hired a small chamber, containing two wretched beds, to which she retired. Here Madame C——, who had her whole life been nursed in the bosom of affluence, scarcely allowing herself the scanty sustenance which nature requires for its preservation, bathed her child with tears of bitterness, till sometimes the infant caught the infectious sorrow, and wept because he saw her weep. Sometimes he enquired why his mama had no dinner; and sometimes asked why, since he was a good boy, she gave him no *bons-bons* now? Victoire cheerfully shared her lady's dry crust, and the only point on which they differed was, that she occasionally gave vent to a sharp reflection on her master, which Madame C—— instantly repressed; upon which Victoire usually left the room, and indulged her feelings, as well as her loquacity,

city, by relating the story, in terms little measured, to the whole neighbourhood.

Madame C—— perceived with anguish, which can be ill defined, that, notwithstanding all the privations maternal tenderness could devise or practise, her little funds were almost entirely exhausted; and she had now recourse to her watch and rings, as the last means of averting want from her child. Victoire was forced to part with these relicks of former splendor at a price far below their value: alas! in such sort of conventions there is usually an unequal conflict between rapacity and distress; but at that period the same sad necessity had forced so many unfortunate fugitives to relinquish, like Madame C——, the appendages of departed opulence, that the quantity of jewels, trinkets, and watches, offered for sale in Switzerland, had naturally diminished their worth.

With a trembling hand Madame C—— received the produce of her last resources, while she anticipated the moment when they would altogether fail. The people of the town, where she had alighted, had before her arrival dispatched the letter to Monf. C——, which she had sent him from Basil, but she had received no tidings of him in return ; it was therefore evident, that he was unaffected by her situation, that he was careless of her fate, that he thought of her no more ! Amidst the bitterness of those reflections, how eagerly would she have welcomed that death to which he abandoned her, but that she must leave her child to perish. She had not neglected to inform her friend in France of her circumstances ; but her letter, which it was death to receive, had to travel by a route so circuitous, and to pass through so many hands before it reached him, that nothing could be more uncertain than its arrival.

With a frame languid from suffering, and a heart desolate with despair, Madame C—— was one evening sitting in her wretched shed, lost in gloomy meditation, when Victoire, who had been out in search of their little daily supplies, hastily entered the room, and told her, that having been to pay a visit to the people of the inn, where they had lodged, and where she had been talking of her lady's misfortunes, a person who was present said, that if Madame could embroider waistcoats, work cravats, or draw landscapes, she would undertake to sell them to the mistress of the principal inn at Sursee, who made it her business to dispose of such little sort of works, which were executed by some emigrant ladies who lived in that town; and she was sure the same benevolent person would do as much for Madame, when she knew her story.

Victoire

Victoire had proceeded thus far, when Madame C—— threw herself on her knees, and poured forth a fervent thanksgiving: she then folded her little boy to her bosom, and instantly dispatched Victoire to make known how thankfully she accepted this blessed offer. Early the next morning the necessary materials were purchased, and Madame C——, with eager alacrity, began her task. While she contemplated the first elegant performance, which advanced rapidly beneath her creating hand, tears of soothing pleasure, tears which it was luxury to shed, gushed from her eyes. To have the power of applying those accomplishments, which she had only cultivated as the amusement of a solitary hour, to the dear, the precious purpose of sustaining her child, filled her mind with the sweetest sensations of maternal tenderness—it was delight, elevated by the noble consciousness of duty—it was an effort of virtue, which, while it shielded

the object of her fond solicitude from suffering, was interwoven with an immediate recompense in the soothing effect it produced on her own mind. Since, amidst continual occupation, that gloomy despondency, which in stillness and solitude brooded over its own turbulent wretchedness, was softened into milder sorrow, and engrossed by the unceasing care of providing for her child, the image of its father, which used to call forth the wild agonies of disappointed passion, but now awakened a tender melancholy, which resignation tempered. The only moments which Madame C—— gave to leisure, and the indulgence of her feelings, were those of twilight, when, after the unremitting labours of the long summer day, she usually left her little boy to the care of Victoire, and walking out alone amidst those scenes of solemn grandeur, indulged that mournful musing, when the mind wanders over its vanished pleasures,
and

and tears, which flow without controul, embalm the past!

In one of those solitary walks, seated on the fragment of a rock, near the torrent-stream, the hoarse noise of whose melancholy waters were congenial to her meditations, the chain of pensive thought was suddenly broken by the tread of an approaching footstep. She cast up her eyes, and beheld Monf. C——, who, pale, and trembling with emotion, threw himself at her feet, clasped her knees in unutterable agony, and at length told her in broken accents, that he came not to solicit her forgiveness, but to die in her presence—that feeling he had but a short time to live, he had ventured to behold her once more, not to attempt any extenuation of his guilt, or to declare how much he abhorred himself for the past, but merely to explain the appearance of that
barbarous

barbarous neglect, in which she had been left at Bellinzone.

Monf. C—— then, after execrating the delusion, by which he had been so fatally misled, related, that having taken an excursion into Germany, at the period when her letter arrived, he had only received it two months after it was dated. Rouzed as from an hideous dream, seized with the pangs of remorse at his own conduct, and feeling every sentiment of renewed tenderness awakened in his heart by the image of her sufferings, he instantly declared to Madame —— his resolution to hasten to Bellinzone. No intelligence, he perceived, could be more agreeable to that lady, and not long after he discovered the reason, by hearing that she was going to Vienna with a German Count, the owner of a brilliant equipage, with whom she became acquainted during

during their excursion, and who had followed her to Constance. Monf. C—— added, that having himself fet out on foot from that city, being determined not to spend on the indulgence of a carriage the few louis he had yet in reserve, the violent emotions of his mind, joined to excessive fatigue of body, by taking journeys too rapid, in order to accelerate his arrival, produced a dangerous fever. At a little village-inn, where he lay for several weeks stretched upon a solitary bed of sickness, he had perhaps, he said, in some measure atoned for the past, by the bitterness of his regrets, by that anguish—he was proceeding, when Madame C—— threw herself upon his neck, bathed his bosom with her tears, conjured him for ever to forget the past, and declared, that her sufferings had already vanished in the hope of his returning affection.

When

When Madame C——, with soft persuasion, had somewhat reconciled her husband to himself, and a calm confidential conversation had succeeded the tumultuous emotions of their first meeting, they bent their way to the little apartment which was now their sole habitation, and which he had not yet entered; since having learned from the people of the house, in Victoire's absence, which path Madame C—— had taken for her evening walk, he had instantly hastened to the spot. They had scarcely reached the chamber, when his little boy sprung forward to meet him, clung upon his neck, called him his dear, dear papa, and reiterated his careffes till Monf. C——, overcome with faintness, agitation, and fatigue, sunk senseless on a chair. Madame C—— wept at observing his emaciated figure, and his pale and haggard look; and Victoire, she perceived, tried to squeeze out a tear too, but not succeeding, all she could do

do was to wipe her eyes carefully with her handkerchief. Victoire was probably thinking more of the dry crusts on which she had dined occasionally, and which sort of repasts she attributed to her master's conduct, than of his sickly countenance. Madame C—— found nothing more difficult than to restrain Victoire's loquacity, who contrived, whenever she had an opportunity in the course of the evening, to relate the hardships they had suffered with a spiteful minuteness of detail—how Madame breakfasted upon cold water instead of coffee, and dined sometimes upon lentil-soup, and sometimes not at all; and how she gained two livres a-day by drawing and embroidery.

This last intelligence was more than Monf. C—— could bear; he hid his face with his hands, sprung from his chair, and walked in a disordered manner up and down

down the room. Madame angrily imposed silence on Victoire, who, taking the hint, declared that she was *au desespoir* at having afflicted Monsieur, for whom she felt the most profound respect, and then left the room, in order, probably, to talk over his transgressions to the whole neighbourhood. She staid so long, that Madame C—— was forced to go in search of her, and as she approached, heard her saying, “to be sure I don’t forget that Monsieur is a *cordon rouge* after all, and therefore not made to give an account of his actions to any body; but then when I think of my dear lady”—here Victoire was interrupted in her unfinished speech.

Monsieur had a return of his fever which lasted some weeks; and, at length, believing he had suffered sufficient penance, Victoire graciously accorded him her forgiveness. A short time
after

after the return of Monf. C——, a letter arrived from their friend in France, with tidings that he had fecured for Madame C—— a fum fufficient to produce a little revenue, which would place her out of the reach of want, and which fum was deposited in the hands of a Swifs banker. Upon receiving this intelligence, they determined to leave their wretched apartment, and having in their rambles along the wild valley leading to the Grifons, discovered a neat vacant cottage, they hired it for the fummer; there Monf C—— hoped to recover his health amidft the falubrious breezes from the hills, and his peace of mind amidft the calm and foothering fenfations which the fimple beauties of unadorned nature can beft excite.

After repeated vifits to her charming cottage, I bade Madame C—— a long, reluctant farewell; and have fince heard,
with

with delight, that she continues in the privacy of her retreat to enjoy that domestic bliss, which to sensibility like hers is the first of blessings; she has a mind capable of relinquishing rank and splendor without a sigh, since she has found happiness in exchange.

CHAP. XX.

Visit to the Grisons.—Discussion on the Revolution.

IN one of our rides near Bellinzona, we made an excursion along a valley belonging to the Grisons. Fatigued with the beams of the noon-day sun, we looked around for the inn of the village, and accepted the invitation of a person, of whom we made the inquiry, and over whose door we saw an inscription that denoted the asylum, of which we were in search. The hour of dinner was past in the valley, but a plentiful collation of fruits, wine, and cakes, were set before us. On our entrance we found three or four persons in warm political debate; but the principal disputants were a gentleman of Turin, who had lately passed some time at Paris, and a young ec-

clesiastic belonging to an adjoining village. As the subject of dispute was the revolution which had just then taken place in the Grisons, we were led to ask for information respecting it.

The native of Turin informed us, that that event was nothing but the transitory commotion of an ignorant and tumultuous mob, that on some idle pretence had assembled together to correct abuses that did not exist, had seized on the government of the country, committed great depredations on the property of individuals, and were on the point of being reduced to their primitive nothingness, as the good sense of the country revolted against proceedings so destructive of peace and order. The ecclesiastic listened with considerable impatience to the end of the harangue, when, with an eloquent volubility, that proved how earnestly his heart was engaged in the cause, he

he ran over the long list of tyrannies exercised on the people by the Aristocratic governments, which had just been overthrown. He attested that this tumultuous rabble was a regular assembly of the representatives of the people deputed from each commune, and who had met as a legal convention to reform in the most constitutional manner those abuses. He assured us, that so far from committing depredations on property, perhaps the only blame to be cast on the convention, was the lenity with which they had treated those offences, which had necessitated the change of government, since all they had done was to order a repayment into the public treasury from each defaulter of the unaccounted monies; but this was exacted in such small proportions, that the sentence seemed rather an invitation to offence than a punishment for past depredations.

The reforms in the future administration, he asserted, were not less mild than the lenity exercised against the abuses of the past. The people were relieved from the burden of taxes that were never applied by their former governors to the service of the state, and the feudal rights of the nobility were abolished; that with the exception of the slight retributions made to the public purse, and the loss of certain privileges, by more equality in the regulations of commerce, the nobles had nothing to lament, but a degree of influence, which they ought never to have possessed, and were even permitted to retain all the insignia of their ancient dominion, all the decorations of family and title. So far, continued our ecclesiastic, was this assembly of the people from being reduced to what was called primitive nothingness, that having only before them certain simple objects of reform, in which they were unanimous, they had adjourned
their

their meeting, merely because they had finished their work; and so far were they from having acted contrary to the wish of their constituents, that he believed, except from those who were immediately interested in the continuance of ancient abuses, there was but one voice throughout the whole country, that of enthusiasm for the recovery of their rights, which, if again attacked, all were ready to defend, or perish in the attempt*.

The reply of the Piedmontese to his an-

* It appears that this young ecclesiastic had formed too favourable an opinion of his new governors on the other side of the mountain; and it is probable, that he and the other inhabitants of the Valley of Mifox have since changed their manner of thinking: since it is said, that the people of this valley, now the only part of the Grison dominions on the southern side of the Alps, have solicited their junction to the Cisalpine republic; between which two countries are situated the Italian bailiwicks.

tagonist was witty and sarcastic ; but it was easy to perceive, by the triumph painted in the countenances of the by-standers, that the priest had echoed their own sentiments. Our inn-keeper joined in the conversation with an authority equal to his guests ; but though deeply interested in the debate, was careful to go at certain intervals with a spoonful of lemonade to wet the parched lips of a feverish infant, who lay in its cradle in a corner of the room. Its sister, a girl of six years of age, dressed in a blue bodice, and short red petticoat, with her feet and legs bare, and whose cheek flushed with the clearest bloom of health, and eye sparkling with sprightliness, formed a striking contrast to the languid look of the pale baby, stood patiently at the side of its cradle, with a large vine-branch in her hand, which she waved backwards and forwards to prevent the numerous flies, that noon brings forth in that country, from

teizing the sick child. There was something so attractive in this domestic groupe, that they often made me forget the Grison revolution.

Two hours had glided away before we thought of ordering our horses, when we received a most cordial invitation from a venerable old man of the party, to pass a few days at his dwelling, in our passage over his mountains, having heard that we proposed returning through the Grison country.

We were not a little embarrassed at the mistake we had made, when upon enquiring what expence we had incurred, our host replied, that the only recompense he desired was our speedy return at an earlier hour to dinner: when we should be received, not as he saw we supposed ourselves at an inn, but at the habitation of

a friend, who would be thankful for the favour. Our inn-keeper proved, on inquiry, to be the principal magistrate of the district, and the inscription, which we had taken for a sign, was an ornament over the door of his house.

CHAP. XXI.

Val Calenca State of Society.—Journey up St. Bernardin.—Lavanges.—Grison Hospitality.—Pastoral Occupations.

WE did not fail, on leaving the Italian vallies, to pass two days with our hospitable host, the greater part of which were spent in excursions amongst the mountains, particularly those of the Val Calenca, which is one of the four districts of this jurisdiction, called the high jurisdiction of the Valley of Misox. A rapid torrent flowing from the Glaciers of the Bird Mountain, runs noisily through the Valley of Valenca, and throws itself into the Moesa. We passed through several villages, but stopped to repose ourselves at Santa Maria, the capital of the Valley, where we saw a magnificent church

church dedicated to the Virgin. The last village in this district, or the nearest to the Glaciers, is Val Bella, or the Beautiful Valley ; but as we were assured that the place did not at all correspond with the name, we discontinued our journey thither. This valley, situated between the mountains of Val Bienna and those of the Valley of Mi-fox, is extensive, but for the most part wild and barren ; it is not easy to find a place in the world so little known to it, as this secluded and savage nook. The ungrateful soil prompts the inhabitants to periodical emigrations ; the summer is spent in the native hut, and the winter is the season of travel and observation, the expences of which are defrayed by the produce of their manufactures, such as baskets, pitch, grinding stones, and other territorial mountainous productions, which they sell in Italy. Those who are not engaged in commercial projects, and the wives and children of those

those who are, follow other speculations of profit, among which are those of begging and predicting the *buona aventura*, or telling fortunes.

After taking leave of our kind host, we proceeded on our journey along the Valley of Misox towards the Bernardin mountains. This valley is one of the four high jurisdictions below the woods, into which the Grison league is divided. The ancient inhabitants are known in history under the general term of the Lepontii, but their descendants were successively subject to the Bishop of Como, the Counts of Saxe, and the family of the Trivulci. In the middle of the sixteenth century, the inhabitants purchased their freedom of this family for twenty-five thousand florins, and joined themselves to the Grison league, who have maintained the confederacy, notwithstanding the various attempts which have been since

since made to deprive them of their liberty.

The road for several miles is perfectly level along the Moefa, and the valley sufficiently extensive to admit of fine cultivation, contains a number of handsome villages; but after passing the confluence of this stream with the torrent of Calenca, the valley becomes so narrow as to admit little more space between the mountains than for the path and the river. Here we were once more among rocks, torrents, and cliffs loaded with woods, presenting not only parts of the mountain scenery, to which we were now accustomed, but from the great depth of the valley closed in by surrounding mountains, casting a kind of gloomy light over the wild landscape, that strongly excited in the mind that sensation of melancholy which Pope has characterised,

“Breathing a browner horror o’er the woods.”

Before

Before we came to the end of this lower valley, where the mountain, direct in front, lofty and abrupt, seemed to preclude all possibility of proceeding, we passed for a considerable way over a road entirely broken up, and which displayed the roots of larches, pines, and other mountain trees, mingled with vast mounds of gravelly stones and masses of rock. This desolation had been caused by a deluge from the upper mountains, on the sudden melting of the snows in the spring from an incessant rain which lasted several days, accompanied by gusts of warm winds, like the Sirocco of Italy. The openings into the ravines of the mountains where the snow had drifted, and from its mass had resisted the influence of the heat which melted the thinner layers, served as sluice-gates to the sea of waters which they ingulphed. The increasing weight of those waters from the melting of the snows above, together with
the

the decrease in the resisting mass beneath, from the heat and the rain, prepared at length the catastrophe, by the giving way of the icy barrier.

Language can but feebly paint the sublime and terrific effects of this deluge of the mountainous sea. Had our poet, Thomson, beheld this mighty devastation, his glowing imagination would have presented us with far other images than those of

“ Herds and flocks, and travellers and swains,
 “ And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
 “ Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night ;”

the feeble works of human art and industry hurled beneath the smothering ruins. He would have viewed the lofty pine, the ancient inhabitant of the Alps, whose roots have been riveted for ages to the soil, swept away, by the horrible flood, like the chaff; the rocks coeval with time, and which
 seemed

seemed fixed on the solid globe till time shall be no longer, torn from their base with irresistible fury, and rolled, in one wild convulsive commotion, down the tremendous precipices, riving up the affrighted soil, in their descent, and covering the fertile pasturage and rich champain with irreparable desolation.

A narrow pass cut out of a fantastic rock hanging over the Moesa, which forms a bay in the plain, brought us to the foot of this perpendicular mountain, down whose dark wooded and shaggy precipices we heard the torrent roaring, but which their projecting sides concealed from our view. We appeared to be inclosed between inaccessible heights; there was no passage discoverable like that of the cavern which leads from the devil's bridge into the Valley of Urseren, and it would have exercised the imagination, to have built even an ideal road
by

by which the ascent could be gained. The mountaineers, however, had overcome the difficulty; on that side of the mountain which was the most sloping, or rather the least perpendicular, a road was cut in traverse directions to the end of the slope, whence it was returned in an angle, sufficiently broad to permit the ascent of cattle, and so continued from one side to the other supported by beams of wood, either for the preservation of the way, or to keep the traveller from stumbling over the precipice, till after laborious climbing it brings him to the summit.

Like the passage into the Valley of Urseren, the plain on the top of this mountain presented us with scenes altogether different from those which we had left beneath. It is generally in the lower valleys, which serve as canals or outlets to the mountains, that we find those romantic and picturesque objects,

objects, on which we gaze with delight and astonishment. In the upper mountains, nature has cast off the fantastic and varied garb of rock, and cliff, and torrent, for a robe more simple and majestic; the scene takes a larger sweep, the forest is more extensive, and the hills swell with a more noble grace one above the other.

So few are the travellers who pass this mountain, the principal passages across the Alps being those of St. Gothard and Splugen, that the visit of strangers is an event of some importance. On our approach to a village embosomed in trees, forming the middle point of an amphitheatre of a beautiful range of hills, covered with the freshest verdure, we discovered our venerable friend walking hastily towards us, with a pretty little mountain nymph, his grand-daughter, in one hand, and a large oaken staff in the other, which he shook at us with a smile

of reproach, declaring that he had waited dinner three hours beyond his usual time, having had news of us early in the morning, and that he could not imagine why we had loitered so long on the way. We found a plentiful repast prepared for us, consisting of beasts and birds of the forest, and were informed that we should not be suffered to depart till the provision was expended, which the hunting of the two preceding days had furnished.

The old man's family consisted of a daughter and her two children, the one a youth of twenty, and the other the pretty little mountaineer of sixteen years of age, who had come with her grandfather to meet us; his son-in-law, who was then gone on some affairs to Chiavenna, was expected home before our departure. We spent the remainder of the day in walking among these romantic and pastoral scenes, and the
next

next we made a family party up the mountain, to dine in one of his shepherd's huts, by the side of a fine cascade, which, having found out my enthusiasm for such objects, he told me he was sure I should find worth the toil of the visit. The torrent formed part of a beautiful landscape, and played in successive cataracts over rocks that were picturesque; but we had seen too much of the Reufs and the Tessino, to find in these falling waters any new charm, except that they were inclosed by green banks instead of shaggy rocks.

These hills appeared, from their verdure, to be in the highest state of mountainous cultivation. The spot was not so elevated as to be out of the reach of the parching sunbeam, and little channels cut along the side of the slopes, drew the water away from the idle torrent to fertilize the adjoining pastures. On the greater part of these hills

the hay had already been cut. Some yet lay on the ground, which, from the mountain flowers and herbs, scented the air with the most delicious fragrance. While these hills are laid up for harvest, the shepherd removes to the Upper Alps, ascending with his cattle to crop the herbage of those higher hills, as they are successively deprived of their snows. Here he spends a solitary and cheerless life through the short summer, and returns in the autumn to the huts in the lower vallies, where he remains shut up with his cattle to consume the provision which he has prepared for winter. The life of the shepherd of the Alps is very different from that of the shepherd of Arcadia; but from the little intercourse which he holds with any society whatever, except the beasts which he feeds, his wants are only those of nature, and consequently few: the intemperance of the season finds him prepared to meet it without shrinking,

shrinking, and the winter storm flies harmless over his head, whose physical feelings are hardened to the icy temperature of his mountains, and who is accustomed to

“ Breathe the keen air, and carol as he goes.”

Sometimes indeed the patience of the shepherd expires before the winter, when he perceives, which sometimes happens, that his stock decays faster than the summer approaches.

These pasturages are not sufficiently steep for avalanches, but higher up the mountain, partial mischiefs are occasioned by their descent; and sometimes shepherds, huts, and cattle, are lost for a while under immense drifts of snow, which the impetuous winds have sent in that direction. It was difficult for us, the inhabitants of the lower world, to conceive that the change of

seasons could make so barren and cheerless a desert of so beautiful and fertile a country, as that which we beheld, seated at our rural repast before the shepherd's door; around which the cattle were browsing, or lay basking in the noon-tide sun-beam. That the summer might be passed agreeably amidst these mountains, we could easily believe; for surely there are few spots on the globe, that can boast a more boundless store

“ Of charms, which nature to her vot'ry yields;

“ The warbling woodland, and the torrent's roar,

“ The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;

“ All that the genial ray of morning gilds,

“ And all that echoes to the song of even;

“ All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,

“ And all the dread magnificence of heaven;”

But the winter must indeed be gloomily desolate to those, who, above the class of the peasant, and having no taste for literature, are immured in these insulated regions,
which

which at that season become altogether impassable.

My pretty little companion answered my questions, respecting her winter occupations, by telling me, that she had returned from school at Bellinzone the summer before, and had employed the last winter in spinning and making her grandfather a large quantity of shirts, had worked a flowered gown for herself, and read half of an abridgment of Guicciardini's History of the Wars of Italy, and two or three volumes of Goldoni's Plays.

We bade adieu, with reluctance, to our patriarchal host: I could have loitered with pleasure yet a little longer in his hospitable dwelling. How soothing was this scene of tranquil pleasure—how delightful a transition from the crimes of ferocious tyranny were the pastoral occupa-

tions and guiltless manners of those Alpine regions! At a village, a few miles further up the mountain, where the whole family conducted us, we passed one more social hour at breakfast, and then finally taking leave of them, impressed with the most agreeable recollection of their simple kindness, we began to climb the stupendous summits of their mountains, the haunts of eternal winter.

CHAP. XXII.

St. Bernardin.—Misery of the Shepherd's Life.—Emigrant Priest.—Summit of St. Bernardin.—First View of the Rhine.

THE Alps, which we traversed in our ascent, wear, with little variation, the same smiling aspect as in the regions below. When the mountaineers speak of the Alps, they do not mean those long chains of icy or barren mountains, to which we give that appellation, and which, in our language, implies height. In the mountain dialect that term conveys the idea of fertility; and when the inhabitants talk of the Alps, they always mean spots of mountain pasturage. The *Gletscher*, the *Horn*, the *Stork*, are denominations, by which they distinguish different parts of these mountains,

and the terms of rocky or ice-covered Alps, would to them be unintelligible.

Having climbed to the village of St. Bernardin, and finding ourselves within the influence of the Glaciers, which we saw stretching far before us, we concluded, that we had nearly reached the summit, but learnt that we had yet a league of very rough ascent to pass over before we should begin to descend on the other side. We made a halt at the village of St. Bernardin, if two or three houses, one of which is an inn, and a little building, dignified by the name of a chapel, can be called a village. The country around wears a cheerless, solitary aspect. We were not got beyond the reach of vegetation; but it was a vegetation that made the barrenness of the soil more visible. The inhabitant of the Lower Alps shares no property in this sterile region: the wandering shepherd of the plains alone
steals

steals the winged days of summer, to lead over an unappropriated soil his ragged and ill-favoured flock. His miserable hut is composed of pieces of rock, through the cran- nies of which the wind and the rain pour without resistance. His chief and almost unvaried food is oatmeal and water; for the soil would reward no cultivation: bread is the produce only of climates far below; he is bereaved even of the most common enjoyments of social life,

In these regions, however, we found one inhabitant of polished manners, and let- tered accomplishments. A banished vicar general of one of the principal dioceses of France was dragging on existence amidst these inhospitable climes, barred from all communication with the world during the long winter, and supported by the miserable endowment of the chapel, amounting to six or seven louis a year, and the coarse charity of

of the rude mountaineers, who were his sole associates. He told us, that his breviary, his bible, and his Ovid, were his only solace; that from the one he endeavoured to teach himself resignation to the will of heaven, and from the other to sooth his mind, by sympathizing with an exiled fellow sufferer, who, banished from the delights of a court to the desarts of Scythia, could scarcely have found them more dreary than the summit of St. Barnardin. Here also he might have exclaimed with the poet :

“ Forced from my native seats, and sacred home,
 “ Friendless, alone, through Scythian wilds to roam;
 “ With trembling knees o’er unknown hills I go,
 “ Stiff with blue ice and heap’d with drifted snow;
 “ Pale suns there strike their feeble rays in vain,
 “ Which faintly glance against the marble plain.”

Mrs. BARBAULD.

He

He had been vaguely informed of the fall of Robespierre, and the return of a milder system; and he enquired with such solicitude if there was no hope of his being permitted to revisit his country, that it would have been cruel to rob his sorrows of that fond illusion. We left this unfortunate stranger with sincere regret, that we had no power to extricate him from a situation which seemed almost insupportable.

We now began to scale the remainder of the mountain, and though we felt the icy breeze from the neighbouring Glaciers, we escaped any disagreeable sensations of cold by the frequent exercise of walking, the road being often too steep or too dangerous to continue on horseback. We also enjoyed the rays of a cloudless sun, more brilliant, indeed than genial, from the extreme rarefaction of the atmosphere at this elevation. We had been told at Bellinzona that the
moun-

mountain, for two leagues, is always covered with a considerable quantity of snow, but without having passed any, we attained the summit.

The top of St. Bernardin affords nothing that is striking, except its desolate uniformity; here are no masses of enormous rock, no tremendous precipices, no yawning chasms; no object picturesque or awful. The storms of ages have not only stripped it of the means of vegetation, by washing away every vestige of soil, but have humbled the rocks, if any once stood prominent, to a modest level with the waste. The mountain still rising on the right, conceals the Glaciers that separate the Grisons from the Valteline, but on the left the eye wanders far over those regions of eternal frost, which are formed by the eastern extremity of that chain of mountains, known to the ancients under the name of the Adula.

In

In the front the view extends across the valley of the Rhine, to the Glaciers that separate it from the other vallies of the Grisons. We seemed within reach of those Glaciers which we beheld falling, like an immense veil, down the mountain below our present elevation, and were eager to tread their glossy surface; but were told that a passage across from St. Bernardin was impracticable.

After reposing ourselves on the summit, amidst this chaos of unvivified nature, we began to descend on the northern side. The mountains we had just scaled were so abruptly thrown back, that we could discern no farther in a direct line before us, than the hill which we were immediately ascending, and often believed we had attained the summit before we had conquered half the road. On the other side we were presented with a majestic sweep down the
moun-

mountain, and along the lofty hills that inclose the valley of the Rhine, stretching away to the piny forests rising above the Vale of Splugen. After descending a considerable way almost perpendicularly, but on a firm and well-constructed road, we came in view of that celebrated river which we had lately beheld bearing its thundering mass of waters to the ocean, but which, now just springing from its source, steals placidly along the quiet valley, soft as the first sleep of infancy after it has waked to new existence.

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